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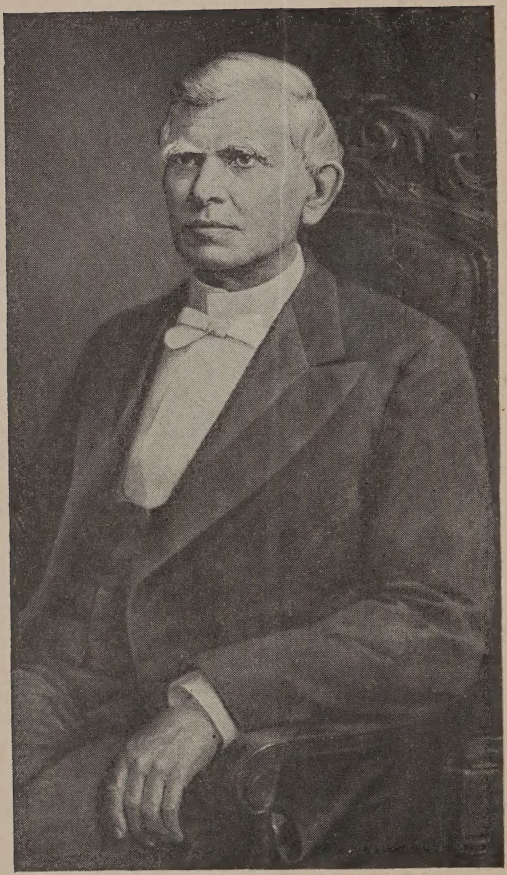

From the painting by Wm. L. Antrim

MATTHEW SIMPSON

Matthew Simpson

Patriot, Preacher, Prophet

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By
CLARENCE TRUE WILSON

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To

THE MISSES SARAH ELIZABETH AND IDA SIMPSON

DEVOTED DAUGHTERS OF NOBLE PARENTS, WHO HAVE KEPT THE MEMORY OF BISHOP AND MRS. SIMPSON FRESH THROUGH LIVING THE LIFE THEIR PARENTS PREACHED AND EXEMPLIFIED

CONTENTS

PAGE

Chronology of Matthew Simpson.... 9

CHAPTER

I. Ancestry and Youth..... 13

II. Choice of a Profession: or, From Medicine to Ministry..... 21

III. The Circuit Rider 25

IV. President and Founder of Universities 31

V. Church Editor Through a National Crisis 36

VI. A Bishop at Forty..... 42

VII. Peerless Preacher and Orator ... 48

VIII. Patriot in War Times..... 54

IX. The Great War Speech 60

X. Friend and Adviser of Presidents and Cabinets 69

XI. Reformer in Church and State.... 76

XII. Spokesman for Christendom on International and Interdenominational Occasions..... 82

XIII. Favorite Texts..... 88

XIV. Typical Points of View 92

XV. Growing Old Like a Saint..... 99

XVI. At Eventide It Shall Be Light.... 106

XVII. Honored and Remembered Through All the World..... 112

XVIII. Happily Married to Ellen Holmes Verner..... 118

XIX. His Lasting Influence 129

CHRONOLOGY OF MATTHEW SIMPSON

1811. Matthew Simpson was born in Cadiz, Ohio, on June 21.

1812. Bishop Simpson's father, James Simpson, died, leaving the boy under the care and tutelage of his mother.

1830. Studied at Allegheny College and acted as Tutor, taking all of Doctor Elliot's classes.

1833. Finished the study of medicine and began to practice in Cadiz, Ohio. Made plans to discontinue practice of medicine, and took up the ministry as a vocation.

1834. Received into the Pittsburgh Conference in the early part of this year, and stationed at Pittsburgh.

1835. Ordained a deacon of the church. Married Miss Ellen Holmes Verner, of Pittsburgh.

1836-37. Preached at Monongahela City.

1837-39. Professor of Natural Sciences in Allegheny College, and Vice-President of the College.

1839. Elected President of the Indiana Asbury University (now De Pauw University).

1839-48. President of Indiana Asbury University.

1844. Distinguished himself at General Conference by taking part in debate on slavery question, over which the church divided.

1848-52. Editor of the Western Christian Advocate.

1852. Elected to the office of Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

1853-58. Helped to establish Pittsburgh Female College and Beaver Seminary and College.

1857. Delegate to the Irish and British Wesleyan Conferences held in Cork and Liverpool and to the Evangelical Alliance, in Berlin.

1857-58. Traveled extensively through Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

1859. Moved from Pittsburgh to Evanston, where he became president of Garrett Biblical Institute.

1861. In April urged President to emancipate slaves as a war measure.

1862. Went to California and Oregon by way of Panama, and upon his return was greeted with the news that Lincoln had issued his preparatory Emancipation Proclamation.

1863. The General Conference of 1860 having fixed several cities as the residences of Bishops, Bishop Simpson moved to Philadelphia. Spoke on "The Future of our Country" before the Christian and Sanitary Commission in session at Philadelphia.

1864. Substituted for President Lincoln on June 7th in giving the address at the great central fair of the Sanitary Commission of the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware.

1865. Preached an inspiring sermon to a distinguished audience in the Capitol Building the day after Lincoln was inaugurated for the second term.

1865. Prayer at the White House upon decease of President Lincoln. Address at the bier of Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois.

1868. Offered a memorable opening prayer at Republican National Convention at Chicago.

1870. Visited Europe and was, while there, a delegate to British Wesleyan Conference.

1871. Wesleyan University, at Middletown, conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Bishop Simpson.

1872. Lectured upon "The Past Ten Years."

1873. Delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, which met in New York.

1874. Visited Mexico.

1875. Again went to Europe to hold the Conference of Germany and Switzerland, and also to meet the missionaries in different parts of the Continent.

1876. Offered a prayer at breaking of the ground for the Centennial Buildings. Delegate from General Conference to the British Wesleyan Conference at London.

1878. Started with his wife and two daughters to visit the Methodist Episcopal Missions in China, but was taken ill in California and obliged to return to his home in Philadelphia. Delivered a series of lectures on preaching before the theological department of Yale College. Edited *Cyclopedia of Methodism.*

1880. Delivered his famous sermon, "The Growth and Ultimate Triumph of Christianity," before an audience of eight thousand at the General Conference in Cincinnati.

1881. Delivered the opening sermon to the Ecumenical Methodist Conference held at London. Spoke at Exeter Hall, London, at a service (occasioned by) the death of President Garfield. It was one of his oratorical triumphs.

1884. Bishop Matthew Simpson died on June 18. Interment at Philadelphia.

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY AND YOUTH

THE best things of life gather about personalities. Universal humanity is never able to appreciate abstractions. When left to metaphysical conceptions of the Deity men turn to materialistic idolatry. The incarnation was not merely a necessity for atonement, but also a concrete need for the grasp of humanity.

The interesting things of history are the lives of those who made it, for all history is but the biography of the great men and women who lived and turned the periods recorded. The epochs of history have been made by the men who shaped events. We are, therefore, all hero-worshipers; and why should we not be, when patriotism and country, church and churchmanship, are but manifestations of the grand lives lived and sacrificed for the given cause?

We cannot think of Christianity, or seek to advance it, without "building upon the foundation of the apostles and the prophets, Jesus himself being the chief corner stone."

We cannot mention our country without

immediately thinking of Washington and Franklin, Hancock and Adams, Jefferson and Hamilton, Clay and Calhoun, Webster and Sumner, Jackson and Lincoln, Lee and Grant.

We cannot speak of our great church, with its ten millions of Methodists, without recalling John and Charles Wesley, Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury, and the able band of diligent students, noble preachers, fervent leaders, who laid the foundation and built the superstructure of Methodism in this Western world. They were mighty men of renown, each a host in himself, valiant for the truth; men who labored, through the American Methodist Episcopal Church, to procure Christianity in earnest. Their lives had been touched with the hot coals from heaven's high altar. They were mighty preachers of the New Testament. To become prominent then one had to be great in every element of manliness. To be worthy of headship to such a body the highest values of the human soul were required. Such were the gifts of heart and mind possessed by the subject of our story that he easily ascended to his throne of power among men and remained there without a rival for fifty years.

The ancestors of this good man repre-

sented four great races. His father was of Scotch and Irish stock and his mother of French and English. From the Scotch, who live in a sparsely settled country where men think mostly by introspection, so little from without inviting contemplation, he derived his depth and interpenetration; from the Irish came his intuitive perception and wit, from the French his urbanity and fluency, and from the English the exceedingly practical turn of mind for which he was ever noted. He was, therefore, blessed by nature and allied by birth with Chalmers, Saint Patrick, Massillon, and Burke.

His parents were James Simpson and Sarah Tingley. James Simpson was a native of County Tyrone, Ireland. In 1793, being then thirteen years of age, he left his native country with his parents, and landed in Baltimore after a three months' voyage. During the passage the family had been captured by the French, and all their possessions had been confiscated, so that they landed in a new country almost penniless. The father of James Simpson had been a Presbyterian, but his mother had heard John Wesley preach in Ireland and had become a Wesleyan Methodist. When the family arrived in this country they settled in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, but soon

moved to Pittsburgh, and from there to Cadiz, Ohio, where James was married. His wife, Sarah Tingley, mother of Matthew Simpson, was a daughter of Jeremiah Tingley, formerly of New Jersey, and a soldier in the War for Independence. The Tingleys were of a very old family who had early settled in this country and were devout Methodists. On both sides of his family Matthew Simpson not only inherited good blood but also a wealth of good Christian principles.

After his marriage, James Simpson engaged for a time in the mercantile business in Cadiz. In this venture he was associated with Mr. Wrenshall, grandfather of the wife of General U. S. Grant. In those early days the private house, the barn, and even the kitchen often served as a place for worship, and being devout Methodists, the Simpson home was utilized not only as a meeting place but became a sort of home for itinerant preachers. It was in such a home that the future bishop first saw the light of day, and it was in such a home that he first became the subject of religious convictions which had much to do with his later Christian experience. Matthew was the last of three children, the other two being daughters. Hattie, the eldest, married

George McCullough, who became a successful Cincinnati merchant. The second sister married a physician, who became a successful minister in the Pittsburgh Conference. She died early of tuberculosis.

Shortly after Matthew was born the family moved to Pittsburgh, where the father died, leaving his son only a year old. After the death the family moved back to Cadiz, where the brave-hearted mother, poor in this world's goods but rich in faith, took upon her shoulders the responsibility of rearing to manhood the future bishop. In her great charge she was assisted by the lad's uncle, Matthew Simpson, for whom he was named. Matthew Simpson, Esq., was from early youth a Methodist and a close student of the Bible in the original Hebrew and Greek. He held some prominent positions on the judicial bench and in the senate of the State of Ohio. In later years Bishop Simpson always referred to his indebtedness to his uncle with the respect and tenderness of a loving son for his father.

The lad began the study of German at the age of eight and the following year read the Bible through in that language. He then took up the study of Latin, Hebrew, and Greek, making good use of the advantages offered by the Cadiz Academy. He was of

a studious bent, and it was early noticed that he possessed an unusual aptitude for learning. This aptitude was not thrust upon him by his environment, but was native in the very essence of the boy. He lacked the physical robustness that seemed necessary to one destined to take such an important part in the affairs of church and state, but his lot was cast with what was then the West—the Far West. Methods of living were simpler and more natural, and this tougher and coarser life proved health-producing. He soon became strong and robust. The forest school made of him an intellectual and physical giant, and helped him to bear up under the strain of his later work, which extended somewhat beyond the allotted three-score years and ten.

After finishing his studies at Cadiz Academy he entered Madison College, where he fell under the influence of the eloquent Henry B. Bascom and the learned Dr. Charles Elliott. He graduated at the age of eighteen, carrying with him the honors of the class. He was immediately offered a tutorship in the college, but did not hold it long. After returning to Cadiz, desiring to take up some profession which would assure him a means of livelihood, he began the study of medicine, receiving his degree

as a doctor of medicine at the age of twenty-two.

The story of his very early mastery of studies is so interesting that we prefer to give it in his own words.

"I can go back to my childhood days, and, while I had advantages above many, I can very well remember how I thought the languages would be to me a sealed book, and my friends had no intention that I should ever learn the classic languages at all. But an uncle of mine had an old German grammar and a German Bible, and when less than eight years of age I pried into that German grammar and picked up that German Bible, and, in one year, chiefly in family prayer, but in part at other times, I read through that German Bible without the aid of a lexicon, but by use of the English Bible, learning the meaning of a word here and there—and so I learned to read the German Bible. And when I got through that, a student not far from me had a *Historia Sacra,* they call it, the first book in Latin, and I opened that and began to peer into it, and I said, 'I can master this,' but my friends discouraged me. When I was eleven years of age I succeeded in making a bargain that, if I would do in the shop the half of a man's work, I might have all the

remainder of my time to study Latin; and such was my earnestness that, in three months from that time, I had read through Cæsar, and more than half of Sallust, and went into a class which had been pursuing its studies more than a year and a half. I mention it simply for this—that it gave me a start. It let me see that there was something beyond that I could do; something that I could gain. That is the way we want to start the children of this land. Give them a helping hand; tell them the air on the mountaintop is free for them. Tell them there is room for all of them in the higher regions of science and religious thought. Tell them the world needs men and is calling for them."

CHAPTER II

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION: OR, FROM MEDICINE TO MINISTRY

When the time came for Matthew Simpson to scan the vocational horizon in search of a life-work he selected the practice of medicine. There were other vocations that were of interest to him, but he did not feel that he was naturally equipped to follow them. One of these was law. He early considered becoming a lawyer, but straightway brushed the idea from his mind, feeling that he would never succeed in that field because of inability to speak in public. Not only Simpson, but many of his friends believed that any profession that involved forensic excellence was closed to him.

At the age of eighteen he had been thoroughly converted and from that time on he was very active in the church and in other religious endeavors. His interest in religious activities made him wish sometimes that he might preach. He would push these thoughts aside, however, thinking that such a calling could not be intended for him. He was as a crippled child, who

longed to play like other children, but, realizing his inability to do so, tried to reconcile himself to his lot, and to make the best of an unfortunate circumstance. A still small voice from within seemed to urge him on and fill his soul with desire. He wanted to minister to sick souls instead of sick bodies, but it seemed so out of the question for him to do so that it necessitated a profound mental struggle to convince himself as to what he should do. In his *Yale Lectures on Preaching,* he says: "When I felt the conviction that I must preach, the thought of the impossibility of preaching successfully made me question the reality of the call. At my work and in my studies—for I spent three years in preparing for the profession of medicine—I was frequently in mental agony. I think I should have resolutely rejected the idea only that it seemed indissolubly connected with my own salvation. I longed for someone who could tell me my duty. I fasted and prayed for divine direction, but I found no rest until reading in the Bible a passage that seemed written especially for me: 'Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.' I accepted it and resolved to do whatever God by his providence

should indicate by opening the way." Thus was the great Bishop called to the ministry, not because he believed that a glowing success awaited him, but because he was drawn forward by a divine sanction.

A second supposed handicap was tugging at him. He was living alone with his mother, and realizing full well her great love for him, he feared that if he left her to enter the ministry she would be very unhappy. The urge was so strong, however, that he finally mustered up courage enough to suggest the proposition to her. One of the pleasantest surprises of his lifetime awaited him. In describing the incident the Bishop says: "I feared it might almost break her heart to propose it. But as I saw the church would probably call me, and as I had promised God to follow his openings, I one day, with great embarrassment, introduced the subject to my mother. After I had told her my mental struggles, and what I believed God required, I paused. I shall never forget how she turned to me with a smile on her countenance, and her eyes suffused with tears, as she said, 'My son, I have been looking for this ever since you were born.' She then told me how she and my dying father, who left me an infant, consecrated me to God, and prayed that if

it were his will I might become a minister. And yet that mother had never dropped a word or intimation to my hearing that she ever desired me to be a preacher. She believed so fully in a divine call that she thought it wrong to bias the youthful mind with even a suggestion so much as uttered in vocal prayer."

After that incident all doubts were removed from Simpson's mind. Years afterward, when fame and honor were heaped upon him, he always referred to this incident as one of the great moments of his life, and gave much credit to his mother. On more than one occasion he has been heard to say: "What a blessing is a sainted mother! I do not know what would have become of me if I had not had a praying father and mother."

CHAPTER III

THE CIRCUIT RIDER

When the difficulties surrounding the choice of a profession had all been successfully overcome, Matthew Simpson, at the age of twenty-two, shortly after he had begun the practice of medicine, decided to accept a license to preach. The presiding elder urged him to preach a trial sermon, but he refused, saying that until he was licensed by the church there was no authority in the Discipline for a person to preach. He says: "Though I had promised God that I would not refuse the call of the church, I would not do anything to open the way. Thus he made his own precedents."

Sensitive about his limitations, but with an earnestness and fervor unsurpassed, he entered his chosen work. At the next Quarterly Conference his name was brought before the assembly, and he was recommended for admission on trial. The Pittsburgh Conference met at Meadville, Pennsylvania, in 1834. The recommendation was acted upon favorably and Simpson was appointed as third minister to the charge on

which he lived, and in which he had been born and grown to maturity. The charge centering at Cadiz embraced parts of Jefferson, Harrison, and Belmont Counties in Ohio, and was a four-weeks' circuit.

When he first accepted the appointment, permission was granted for him to preach only on Sundays, in order that he might finish out his medical profession and make ready to devote his whole time to the ministry. At the end of eight months he was able to do so. The circuit then embraced twenty-eight appointments, and by the end of the year four more were added. Many of these appointments were in schoolhouses, or in private houses, and on more than one occasion the service was held out of doors in the open air. With his listeners standing and sitting around on the grassy earth, he was indeed the good shepherd—holding his flock together lest they stray away and be seized by the wolves of ignorance and spiritual indifference. Perhaps it was from his little pulpit on the earth's mossy green, raising his eyes to the limitless sky above to behold the greatness of God's handiwork, that he received the inspiration which later he used so effectively in comparing the American flag to "some small patch of azure filled with stars, that an angel had

snatched from the heavenly canopy to set the stripes in blood."

His travels from place to place were on horseback. With his horse and saddlebags he covered the circuit, holding meeting after meeting. His health at that time was quite delicate, due to excessive study and work, and he was advised by some of his friends to leave the ministry. He kept on persistently, however, taking on new responsibilities instead of ridding himself of any of those he already had. On one of his trips he held a meeting at a little wayside community which was entirely out of the range of his prescribed circuit, and while there he met an old Quaker physician. The doctor inquired into the circuit rider's health, and being inclined to prescribe fresh air, exercise, and a regular diet instead of medicines, he advised Simpson to continue with his work, telling him that for his health's sake he should have a circuit in a healthful community where he would be obliged to ride eight or ten miles and preach every day. This advice accorded with the young minister's own views and feelings, and encouraged him to continue with his work instead of following the advice of his friends.

There was a general revival on the circuit that year and conversions were numerous.

The itinerant preacher, delighting in his work and encouraged by his success in bringing souls to Christ, continued tirelessly to carry the Master's words to all the points on the circuit and to many that were outside of it.

During that year of hardship and toil, traveling on horseback in all kinds of weather and over all kinds of roads and trails, Matthew Simpson rendered a valuable service to the cause of Christianity in all the points of his circuit. He did more than this, however, for it was while he was struggling against difficulty and fighting his way against the barriers of an undeveloped frontier, that he learned many lessons in the art of preaching which made him such a valuable servant to church and state in years to come. It was at this time that he overcame the timidness of his youth, and began to acquire an air of confidence and self-reliance; it was here that he learned how to meet conditions of the most difficult nature, and to give his best to the cause, even though he knew there was no earthly reward to be gained; and it was during this eventful year that he received the experience in preaching which enabled him later to hold his hearers in awe and wonder, and which soon was to cause all Christendom to look to him as the

greatest preacher of the age and one of the greatest of all time.

He had been a student since boyhood, and had the advantage of a college training. Hence it was with a scholarly precision he took up the reins of his life-work. He developed his superior ability, however, not only from intense study and practice, but from earnest work among the poor and degraded, which stimulated his naturally sympathetic nature, and gave him that emotional command of his audiences which characterized his later pulpit oratory.

As the year approached its close his friends became anxious as to what his next appointment would be. They requested him to ask the presiding elder that he be retained near home, but the only request he made was that he be sent to some healthful community where his physical welfare would not be impaired. The elder assured him that he had no cause to worry on this score, and that he would try to secure for him a desirable district. Simpson attended the Annual Conference which was held at Washington, Pennsylvania, and while there he was asked to preach one of the sermons. He selected as his text, "Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens." The great Bishop later described it as a "very

plain, short sermon," but apparently it had the effect of impressing on the members of the Conference that this young minister was not of ordinary mold, for when the assignments were made he was appointed to the city of Pittsburgh to fill an important charge. It was a distinct advancement, and although it was far from being a health-producing district, he made immediate plans to take up the new work. Parting with his horse and saddlebags he took the stage for Pittsburgh. His career as a circuit rider had ended; new realms were opening before him, and he went forward eagerly to explore them and to discover if possible new fields of service for Christ.

CHAPTER IV

PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER OF UNIVERSITIES

PROFICIENT though he was in the art of preaching, Simpson was not long destined to hold a position as a pastor. After finishing a two-year period in Pittsburgh he went to Monongahela City. It was while there that he was appointed as professor of natural sciences and vice-president of Allegheny College. As vice-president of that institution Bishop Simpson was brought into contact with many of the administrative problems which confront a university. It was not without some experience and knowledge of what was expected of him, therefore, that he accepted an offer to become president of Indiana Asbury University in 1839, which later became DePauw University. The university had been organized in 1837. It was begun under the direction of Professor Cyrus Nutt, and was at first a preparatory school which occupied one of two rooms in a small brick house at Greencastle. When the new college edifice was completed, two years later, Simpson, who

was only twenty-eight years of age, came to take over the duties of president. He was young but well equipped. His education was thorough, his will was invincible, and he had high enthusiasm in whatever he engaged. Besides this he was thoroughly interested in the success of the new school.

Hardly had the new president taken over his duties when it was apparent that a new force was present in the community. He adapted himself instinctively to all men with whom he came in contact, and he could talk with them with unaffected interest on all subjects with which they were familiar. He believed that the college, to be successful, must be established in the affections of the ministers of the church and he set about to establish this condition. He cultivated ministers, invited them to attend commencements, and placed them conspicuously on the platform; he honored them with attentions, and they went away zealous supporters of the institution.

He took a personal interest in every student and watched over their education and morals with the tender interest of a parent. When they seemed to go astray he appealed to their honor and manliness, believing that what was needed most was something to strengthen their character. He soon won

the admiration of all the students, and, knowing that he trusted them, they felt themselves morally bound to show him that his faith in them was not misplaced.

Bishop Simpson realized that "boys will be boys," and he never allowed the sober responsibilities of his office to drive away his sense of friendly humor. The third story of the college was yet unfinished and the students had been told that they must not go into that part of the building, as the noise disturbed the professors who were holding classes in the rooms below. One day a mischievous boy, later a leading banker of the city, conducted a number of his companions to the forbidden third story. The college president came upon the boys, and picking up a lath applied it to the embryo bank president as a reminder of the fact that he was breaking an order. A few days later at a dinner where a considerable group had gathered, the lad addressed the Bishop with, "Dr. Simpson, you lathed me the other day, I'd like to know when you are going to plaster me." The Doctor turned very red in the face, and then broke into a hearty laugh. It was such instances as this that made him the most popular man, not only in the college, but in the whole town. He enjoyed the students and they enjoyed him.

In the classrooms Simpson encouraged original thinking. No book was authority. If a statement, whether in the textbook or not, could not stand the test of argument it was to be condemned. He believed that the mind should be exercised, and whenever an idea was disapproved the matter was discussed before the class. If he made a statement with which any of the students disagreed, he wanted them to say so, for it was his belief that there was much he could learn from his students. He was their leader in a search for knowledge, and each helped the other.

While president of Indiana Asbury University he was offered the presidencies of Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois, both of which he refused. He served in Greencastle for nine years, during which time the college grew and prospered. An infant institution when he took charge, it was sturdy and prosperous when he left. He spoke in many places during his presidency, and as the fame of his greatness spread the college of which he was the head advanced also. He carried the college with him in his achievements, for his name was always associated with it.

The enthusiasm created by Bishop Simp-

son while president of Asbury University has doubtless had much to do with the later success of that institution. It has grown and prospered until to-day it is recognized as one of the foremost of the smaller colleges in the country. The contribution made by its first president in giving the new university the proper start cannot be overestimated.

It was in 1848 that he left Greencastle to take up the duties of editor of the Western Christian Advocate. He was greatly interested in the slavery question, and it was his belief that he could wield a more powerful influence in favor of abolition if he were at the helm of this paper. His departure from Asbury University caused general regret to the students of the college, the citizens of Greencastle, and the people of the State.

CHAPTER V

CHURCH EDITOR THROUGH A NATIONAL CRISIS

THE qualities that make a great leader developed and were recognized during Simpson's wonderful years as president of Asbury University, where he found a hole in the ground and left a full-fledged college filled with students and a State enthusiastic over the record his college was making. He manned his faculty with men whose names have adorned the history of Methodist education and thus showed that he had the highest gift of executive leadership—ability to choose men of his own ideals. His gifts as a teacher had never been surpassed in the college circles of the Central West, and men who got their early training under him not only carried his ideals everywhere, but quoted his exact words on all kinds of occasions.

In '48, he was a recognized leader of his denomination and a national spokesman for the cause of freedom and the Union, opposing the extension of slavery to the territories and insisting that the nation must

be one; and as such, free from the curse of slavery. At the General Conference held that year, friends all over the church wanted him to take the editorship of the Western Christian Advocate. He was perfectly happy in a college presidency, but the Darwinian theory of evolution, which he accepted fully, was being resented by an uneducated ministry; the men and the women in the congregations had to sit on separate sides, which arrangement he, with his progressive views, thought utterly inappropriate; and there were churches that would permit no musical instrument to come in lest it should bring in with it a concealed devil. Simpson longed to change some of these customs and correct such errors. The Fugitive Slave bill was up; the settlement of Kansas, the Missouri Compromise, the leadership of Henry Clay, the rivalry of John C. Calhoun, the rising star of Abraham Lincoln; the popularity of Douglass, "The Little Giant," who wobbled on the morals of slavery, were all showing above the horizon. Simpson, the leader, patriot, and reformer, could not resist the opportunity of becoming editor of a great Christian paper in order that he might make that paper count in the situation. He was elected in 1848 and served until 1852.

The Presbyterians, through a Doctor Rice, were rife in their opposition to Methodist "freedom" and were insistent on a Calvinistic interpretation of Christianity with a fatalism that even included unborn children in the reprobation of their Sovereign. Doctor Simpson took this up and editorially defended the position of Methodism, that the atonement is universal, but conditional on each person's acceptance of it by faith. He invited Randolph S. Foster, a young man of native ability and broad culture, to write a series of articles on "Objections to Calvinism," which later, published as a book, became for two generations a classic among us—one of the greatest products of a controversial nature ever produced.

In the discussion of the relation of slavery to government, Salmon P. Chase, a rising lawyer of Cincinnati, wrote frequently for the Western Christian Advocate, and became Simpson's close friend. He afterward became Lincoln's great secretary of the treasury and financed the Civil War; being later appointed by Lincoln chief justice of the Supreme Court.

Simpson kept up an acquaintance with Stanton, who not only read the Advocate regularly, but contributed to it from time to time. He later became secretary of war.

When the Fugitive Slave law was passed, the editor invited the Hon. Salmon P. Chase to write on the national situation. He himself in editorials sustained the Constitution in most carefully guarded language and taught loyalty to the republic and to the laws, while at the same time he dwelt upon the unwisdom of engaging as sovereign States in the chasing of runaway slaves and returning them to their owners. Undiscriminating minds reported that Simpson was advocating the divine right of human slavery. Other extremists declared that he was an abolitionist and against the Constitution. There was a hornet's nest, and he seemed to be in the midst of it. He simply remarked that when he was getting hit from both sides about equally, it seemed to indicate that he was in the middle of the road and, therefore, exactly right.

It is evident that Chase thought of him as a close coadjutor in promoting the cause of freedom and that the constitutionalists regarded him as one of their most loyal comrades. He bore the penalty that every careful and discriminating thinker and leader must pay, of being misunderstood and ill appreciated on both sides. When the war broke out, he saw his duty clearly to sustain the Union, the President, the administra-

tion, the army, the war, and in the climax of his addresses, when the faint-hearted were turning back and wishing the war closed, and when one weak military leader, having resigned, was running for the Presidency on the plea that the war was a failure, did not hesitate to say that if this war resulted in the preservation of our liberties and the union of the States and was crowned with the freedom of the slaves, it would be justified if it lasted for twenty years. This faith lifted multitudes into patriotism.

Wherever Simpson was placed, the same self-sacrificing and Christian characteristics marked his career. It was while he was editor in Cincinnati that the cholera prevailed. In the poorest section of the city a little boy found that his chum had died of cholera and that he was about to be buried without any religious service. The little fellow, crying as he walked down the street, asked every one where he could find a preacher. He was advised to go to The Methodist Book Concern. It was at noon, and the only clergyman found was the editor, hard at work on his editorial for the week.

The little boy said: "Mister, I have a friend who is just going to be buried. He died last night of the cholera. Won't you

come and pray with us and give him a Christian burial?"

Doctor Simpson said, "Where is your little friend?"

And the boy designated the poorest section of the city, which could only be reached by climbing a long hill and going down into the valley beyond.

"Yes," said Simpson, "I will go right now," and he took the boy by the hand and they walked through the crowded streets to the house of death, and one of the most beautiful talks he ever made was delivered in that home.

This is one of a hundred incidents that might be told of his sympathetic nature and of his utter self-forgetfulness, because of which he was loved by all who knew him.

CHAPTER VI

A BISHOP AT FORTY

THE period of storm and stress that the country was facing during the middle of the nineteenth century was felt in church as well as in state. It was a time when leadership of the very best quality was necessary. The church was confronted with difficulties such as it had never before experienced. To solve them the need of men was paramount. At the General Conference held in New York in 1844, it was apparent that the church was sorely divided on the question of slavery. There Matthew Simpson received great praise as a keen thinker and capable speaker in defense of abolition. He participated actively in the debate, the outcome of which was the division of the Methodist Church into two separate branches. At a time when something had to be done he stepped forward to champion a great moral cause. He displayed ability and initiative, elements which were necessary at this crucial time. The delegates at the Conference of 1852 realized this, and seeing in Matthew Simpson one of the essential links

to strengthen the chain of leadership in the church, they elected him to the office of bishop. At that time there were only three in active service—Waugh, Morris, and Janes. These and others appointed later were outlived by Bishop Simpson, who held the office for thirty-two years and at the time of his death was the oldest episcopal servant of the Methodist Episcopal Church, both in years of life and in years of service.

No bishop of the church ever had greater administrative power. He was a Methodist to the core and believed that more could be achieved in the advancement of mankind through that church than by any other means. He took the work upon himself and felt an element of personal responsibility for the acts of the church organization. He never treated his duties lightly, but always had a purpose in whatever he did. Whether he was traveling in foreign fields, or addressing one of the ever-attentive throngs in his own country, he always had in mind the accomplishment of some great good.

It was Simpson's firm belief that culture and education were essential to the advancement of the church. The education of the young was always stressed by him. Whether as teacher, university president, or bishop,

he never lost an opportunity to stress the great need of greater enlightenment. Nearly always he had some word to say for the youngest child. On the platform and in his writings he demonstrated the advantage of a cultural background, and when we consider the vast number of audiences he addressed, not only in churches and at Conferences, but at college commencement exercises and in the dedication of educational institutions, we can realize the great influence that he must have had toward the betterment of humanity. With a marvelously impressive voice, with its sympathetic tones stealing persuasively into the heart, all men were compelled to listen to him. This great power swept all before him and played on human heartstrings like a master. For thirty-two years he crossed and recrossed the continent, going into the lowliest little chapel, into the most magnificent edifices, and passing beyond the seas, that his voice might influence men to God in more distant lands, and everywhere with the same result: thousands were thrilled with his mighty words and powerful delivery. It is doubtful if any man has exercised a greater power for good than did this leader of Methodism.

Returning to this country in 1859, after

extensive travels abroad, he found that a great question was agitating Methodists throughout the country: "Should the church establish theological schools and have a highly educated ministry?" The Bishop labored earnestly for such a policy. To the weight of his own arguments in favor of the proposal he added his own acceptance of the presidency of Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Illinois, and there continued the advocacy of the new idea. The church at large was soon brought to his views and theological institutions were recognized as a necessary factor in the growth of Methodism.

In 1870, on the death of Bishop Kingsley, he visited Europe to complete the work which had been assigned to him on the Continent, and also as a delegate to the English Conference. In 1874 he visited Mexico, and in 1875 again visited Europe to hold the Conferences in Germany and Switzerland and also to meet the missionaries on the Continent.

He was a member of the Ecumenical Conference at London and delivered the opening sermon before that body.

The fame of his power and eloquence always preceded him, and the news that Bishop Simpson was to speak was all that

was needed to insure a large audience. The newspapers were never so crowded for room that they could not find space for an extended mention of his address and oftentimes the whole speech was printed *verbatim*. During his service as bishop he presided over 243 Annual Conferences, and appointed 27,000 ministers to their fields of labor. He ordained more than 1,200 to the order of elder and a still larger number to the order of deacon. Five times he presided over each of the Conferences adjacent to Philadelphia and two or three times over all the other Conferences of Methodism. Everywhere his power was felt; everywhere his influence for good was in evidence. There was not a State in the Union in which he did not make his nobility of mind, clearness of insight, and strength of character a thing to be remembered.

During the General Conference of 1884 it was generally known that Bishop Simpson's last illness was upon him. The most eminent physician in Philadelphia said his work was done. Though he was scarcely able to sit up at all, he came with great effort into the opening of the Conference. Finally the last day of the session came. It was late at night. In the closing hours Bishop Harris, who was presiding, said: "I

congratulate the Conference and the church on the fact that there is not a single paper that has not been acted upon. We ask for a closing word from the veteran of the church."

The Bishop arose in his feebleness, clinging to the table as he stood beside it, and said: "Brethren, I have been in many Conferences in the past forty years. The church has been growing stronger all the time. Younger men are in the councils. I rejoice. Many of the old men are still here, but a good many younger ones. The actions of the council are wiser than ever before. I approve your judgment in what you have done. I want to testify to the great personal kindness you have shown me, and I bid you adieu, never to stand before you again."

This was the last utterance the great man made before a General Conference, the last service he was ever to render to the cause he had served so well and to the church he loved.

CHAPTER VII

PEERLESS PREACHER AND ORATOR

Bishop Matthew Simpson was the greatest religious orator of his age, and one of the great preachers of all time. It is doubtful if tongue or pen can describe his power or portray the effect that his eloquence had on his hearers. He moved his audience at will, swaying them before him as a hurricane sways the trees of a forest. It was not uncommon for the whole crowd to break into a frenzy of emotion; some crying, some shouting, some clapping their hands, some laughing, some waving hats, and others remaining spellbound in the face of his masterful oratory.

He was not especially attractive in appearance. He was tall, ungainly, and timid in his actions. He was slightly stoop-shouldered, had a rather weak voice, and was usually dressed in a suit of blue jeans that detracted from rather than added to his dignity. To look at him it seemed impossible that he was the greatest man of Methodism. When he warmed up to his subject,

however, he seemed to become inspired. The people lost all control of themselves and were as puppets moved by his mighty hand. Every time he spoke he seemed to be a living proof that eloquence is not made of specific qualities that can be catalogued. He lacked nearly all the requisites that are usually considered to be the essence of oratory. His greatness as a speaker seemed a mystery—a locked door for which no key could be found to open and thus disclose the secret of his power. When a speaker carries you out of yourself and makes you forget all about your own existence, and when no adequate explanation of the cause of his power is to be found, we are forced to conclude that the true explanation lies outside the realm of human comprehension. The greatness of Shakespeare cannot be explained. We all know that he is without a peer in the field of literature, but what it is that gives him this mastery and wherein lies the secret of his superiority, are points which have never been determined. The rhetorical half-bushel will not serve as a measure for greatness. After the critics have fully spoken their minds, we find that not one of them has crossed the great abyss beyond which lies the explanation of true greatness. In the last analysis we must

say, "We do not know what made Matthew Simpson a great orator and preacher." We only know that he was possessed of that something which is denominated eloquence, and that he used this gift as an instrument for spreading goodness far and wide throughout all the lands of the world.

It is said that on one occasion Simpson had retreated to a secluded country place in an adjoining State to secure a much-needed rest. It became known that a Methodist preacher was stopping there, and, according to the custom of the country, he was invited to address the congregation of the village church on the following Sunday morning. He consented and held the audience spellbound for an hour. The natural query was as to the identity of the man. As he was leaving the church the pastor approached him thus: "My friend, you are a very excellent preacher—have you a charge?"

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "I have a charge."

"Is it a large one?"

"Well, reasonably so."

"Ah, such a preacher as you should have a good church," said the pastor in a patronizing way. "May I ask where it is and your name."

"My name is Matthew Simpson; I came from Philadelphia."

The words fell on the astonished questioner like a clap of thunder from a clear sky.

In his preaching Bishop Simpson rested all his arguments on the words of the Bible. It was from this source that he received his own light and inspiration, and he naturally wanted to pass it on to his fellow men. His talents seemed to be under divine control and he was preaching to lift souls up to the loving arms of Jesus.

In every event, whether social, economic, political, or religious, he found some incentive to righteousness. It seemed almost as though the knowledge of events and conditions flowed into his mind to be transformed into something fine and noble and pure, and then to be given back to his hearers in the new form with the luster of his greatness added, making the world richer because of the magic transformation he had effected.

The pulpit was the throne where he displayed the grandest possibilities of his nature. He seemed to be aware of this also, and no one ever took greater advantage of what an opportunity afforded. He lived at a time when history was being made. Into the thickest of the fight he thrust himself,

and from the pulpit he made his influence felt throughout the land. He delivered his message so that it seemed to the people as if both the man and the words were of God.

Tireless in his efforts, he would preach six or seven times in a week without a complaint. All over the land, wherever duty led, he went willingly, gladly. He did not even stop when he was ill—many lectures and addresses were delivered when he was not physically able to stand before his hearers. On one occasion he had to be carried from the platform, being unable to finish his address. To do good, to reach souls, to spread cheer, to help the needy—these things held such an appeal to him that he worked beyond his strength to further their cause. He realized that he was gifted in preaching, and he felt that he must lose no opportunity to place before mankind the messages God had given him the power to transmit.

His addresses were by no means confined to themes of a biblical nature. Being a thorough scholar not only of theology, but also of the classics, the sciences, mathematics, medicine, and of politics and government, he was able to speak on almost any matter of moment. From an able discussion of the changes that had been effected

in our country by the advent of the Civil War, he could turn with equal proficiency to a discourse on "The Conflict Between Protestantism and Romanism," "Commerce and Its Relation to Science and Religion," "Woman Suffrage," or "The Preternatural."

Many times he was called upon to dedicate some new building, or to deliver a word of welcome to distinguished national visitors. Between all these extra activities came his brilliant sermons—hundreds of them—poured out to eager listeners from every vantage point in churches large and small.

Capable and accomplished, eager and happy in his work, the greatest preacher of his age lived a life of service. To use the words of the bard, his life was

"As rich
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

CHAPTER VIII

PATRIOT IN WAR TIMES

No man ever loved his country more dearly than did Bishop Simpson. When the sad and dreadful time came for the outbreak of Civil War he was among the very first to place his experience and influence at the disposal of his country. His patriotism was a steady flame, and putting his whole heart and soul into the struggle, he spared neither time nor energy in advancing the principles for which the war was being waged. He had long been an opponent of slavery, and saw in the events which led up to the war a series of providences which must now result in releasing from manacles the three millions of slaves. And yet he did not have the soldier's love of war. To him it was a terrible thing. In all his teachings the sacredness of human life was stressed. If there had been any other way to preserve the unity of the nation and rid it of the institution of slavery, Simpson would not have favored the shedding of the sacred blood of his fellow men. Since there seemed no other way, and the clouds of war seemed

to be gathering in spite of the best efforts of men to prevent it, he interpreted it to mean that it was the will of God that the struggle take place. Believing this, he lent the full weight of his power in advancing the war to a just and fair termination. His patriotism was so deep and fervent that when a personal feeling came in conflict with the apparent good of his country he willingly and unselfishly pushed his own desires aside and took his stand beside the stars and stripes.

Through the four years of carnage he maintained a firm and unswerving loyalty to the Union. He never ceased to pray for the cause which he believed to be high and noble. The trials and sufferings of the uniformed men at the front weighed heavily upon his heart. That they might be made more comfortable he lent his efforts to the raising of money for their needs. Traveling far and wide throughout the northern part of the country he gave speech after speech—over two hundred in all—cheering the hearts of the soldiers with the money he raised for food and clothing, and giving new courage to his countrymen by his animated words uttered at times when their spirits were at low ebb. Nobly, gloriously, did he stand for the

right, and it has often been said that with his vast powers of oratory and his ability to sway and influence men he was as valuable to the Union as an army of thirty thousand soldiers. His great speech in the Wigwam at Chicago, before an audience of ten thousand people, delivered at a time when discouragement was beginning to be evident, had the effect of giving new faith and vigor. The vast audience hung on his words for two hours and then went out to raise new regiments. Many kept copies of the address, and when things seemed dark they would reread it, take new courage, and swear again to stand for freedom. In Pittsburgh during the darkest days of the war in an address lasting three hours he aroused his vast audience to a state of wildest excitement and confirmed the city to loyalty and sacrifice. It seemed as though he was raised up to inspire the nation in the time of her greatest need. Whether in the councils of the nation's leaders, before the people in public assemblies, on the field of battle, or in the hospitals among the sick and wounded and dying, all his influence was consecrated to his country and her imperiled cause.

He would visit the suffering in the hospitals and learn of the horrors of the battlefield; then with renewed energy go out to

impress upon the people the sacredness of the principles they were fighting for and the noble ends that would inevitably be achieved if they would but "hold to the wheel and help to steer the good ship safely into port."

Although the cause of the slave had always been dear to his heart, when the danger of a division of the country became evident the Bishop rallied to the larger cause. He felt that the matter of gravest importance was the preservation of the Union. This he impressed upon his hearers constantly, pointing out to them the dangers that would inhere in a division of the country into confederacies.

During four long years the whole soul of Bishop Simpson was submerged in the great conflict. When at last the clouds of war were broken he hastened to do his part in the establishment of a just and lasting peace. The periods of adjustment and restoration of peace-time conditions which follow every war were well understood by the Bishop, and he set about to secure for the emancipated slaves the benefits of their freedom; to help them to adjust themselves to the new type of life that was opening up to them; to succor the wounded and distressed, not only in the ranks of the Union, but among

the Southern forces as well; and to assure the people of the South that the North cherished no bitter feeling or ill will toward them. To him the Union was sacred, and he welcomed the rebels back into the fold, extending to them the hand of cordial welcome and forgiveness, feeling that they were his fellow men as much as though the war had never occurred. He wanted the South to feel this also. Now that the conflict had been terminated, it was his prayer and hope that the feelings of unity and common interest and brotherhood, which are necessary to the peace and prosperity of a nation, would be restored. He was too good and too great to allow sectionalism to enter his heart, or to harbor any enmity. Even during the heat of the war he repeatedly stated in his speeches: "I have no disposition to underrate Southern men. They are brave men and our brothers, and when we are again united woe to the nation that dares to attack us." After peace had been secured he tried to spread this feeling throughout the country.

All during the war Simpson did his best to advance the principles which he believed to be of God. If exceeding service in aiding his country in a period of stress could entitle anyone outside the immediate ranks

of the army to admission as a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, then Bishop Simpson's name should be listed among our Civil War heroes, and his grave should be garlanded with flowers.

One of his most effective and notable contributions as a patriot in war times was the great war speech, "The Future of Our Country," which he delivered in sixty cities throughout the Northern States. Illustrating as it does the depth of his interest in a cause which he believed to be just and his remarkable ability to influence men it will be well to view it in a separate chapter.

CHAPTER IX

THE GREAT WAR SPEECH

One of the memorable occasions on which he thrilled a large and enthusiastic audience was on November 3, 1864, in the Academy of Music, in New York City. It was only a few days before election and people were filled with interest and patriotic fervor. With every available bit of space occupied, the Bishop began to speak.

First he assured the audience that he was not making a partisan campaign speech, but that he "would stand far above all party" and treat the situation fairly. "One great thought now occupies every mind," he said, "and one feeling moves every heart. All eyes are turned toward the front, and the ears of anxious men listen for the latest tidings. Loving wives wait for husbands, and mothers long to see their sons, now on the battlefield. Many weep and mourn, and all are asking, 'When shall the end of these things be?' I have no gift of prophecy, but in history we learn of the rise and fall of nations, and the one lesson of history is that God reigns, that he rules for the good

of mankind, for their ruin never, except when they combine to plot against the Lord and against his Anointed."

The Bishop believed there were but four possible issues of the war: 1. The nation might be destroyed and placed under the control of a foreign power. 2. The nation might be divided into two or more confederacies. 3. The South might win and Southern ideas and principles be established throughout the country. 4. The nation might emerge from the conflict purer, stronger, and more glorious than ever before. These four possibilities were stated at the outset, and with the passing statement, "I believe it to be the design of Providence to secure the last result," he proceeded to take the four points up in order.

In discussing the first, he said, "No great nation has, in all history, risen and fallen in a single century." He cited the examples of ancient history—Egypt, Assyria, Canaan, Israel, Greece, Rome—all these countries had outlived centuries; in modern history he noted the strength of France, Germany, England, and Russia, all of which had stood up against the storm and weather of time. "Moreover," he said, "there are indications to show that this is destined to be a great nation in the earth. The discovery of

America by Columbus, at the time thereof, was opportune. This nation has done more than any other to fulfill a great destiny. One thing it has done toward the accomplishment of its work is the education of the masses. In this land all may rise to the highest offices. The humblest cabin-boy may lead our armies, and the poor hostler may sit in the senate. Who has not heard of Henry Clay, the mill-boy of the Slashes; and Jackson, the child of poor Irish parents? And some may have heard that even a rail-splitter may become President."

He stated that the circumstances of our rise indicated that God had a great mission for us. The Pilgrim Fathers came in the Mayflower to the shores of New England and there planted their standard, resolved to worship God according to the convictions of their own hearts. In such circumstances this nation had its birth, and it did not seem reasonable that a nation conceived of such high and noble motives should come to naught.

After showing that the nation had done more for humanity than any other, he continued: "Again, this nation is an asylum for the oppressed of all the nations of the earth. There is no large migration to any other land, but men come here from all parts of

the world. I have no feeling of sympathy with any person who will seek to exclude from free national association all who may come. We have broad acres for them to cultivate, schools for their children and churches for themselves, and a Constitution broad enough, thank God! and strong enough for all the world to stand upon. This nation has the sympathy of the masses all over the earth, and if the world is to be raised to its proper place, I would say it with all reverence, God cannot do without America." Thus he disposed of the first possibility by showing it is not reasonable that this new nation should be destroyed.

As to the second proposition, "Shall we be divided?" Bishop Simpson pointed out that no nation has long survived division and prospered. Civilization speaks out against division. The spirit of the age is adverse to it. This has been demonstrated in the history of Babel, of the Indians, and the Africans. The first had the language of its people confused, the second had at least a thousand distinct and separate tribes, and Africa was cut up into numberless kingdoms, the monarchs of which sat, nude, on the summits of earth mounds. Humanity could gain nothing by division. You must remember the fate of old Israel, and

of the Grecian states; how Athens fell, and Sparta succumbed. "Besides, if we divide," he said, "where shall we divide? We have no mountain-chains, no great natural landmarks to separate us into two; and if we divide, must it not be into several confederacies? If you allow the South to go, the Northwest will become a separate confederacy; and when the Northwest undertakes that, the people of the Pacific coast will set up for themselves, and you will lose all that gold-bearing country. I tell you here to-day, I would not give one cent on the dollar for your national liabilities if you allow a single dividing line to be run through your country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. (Applause.) I deprecate war, it is terrible; much of the best blood of the nation has flowed, and more, possibly, will moisten the earth; but if we should divide this land into petty sections, there will come greater strife, which will waste the blood of your children and grandchildren, and there will be sorrow and wailing throughout the generations to come. When I look at this dark picture, much as I dislike war, I yet say, better now fight for twenty years and have peace than stop where we are. (Great applause.) If any peace be had, I want a peace which shall be lasting, so that

I can leave my wife and children safe when I die, and that can only be by our remaining a united nation. We have glorious boundaries on the north and the south, on the east and the west, and when I look at those boundaries I say, 'Palsied be the hand which shall try to wrest from us one foot of this great domain.'

"Shall we have a new government? This is what Mr. Davis expects; he can hardly suppose the South will live in separation. Even a senator of the United States has uttered an intention of this sort. The South hopes for a monarchy, but this nation will never tolerate a monarchy." The Bishop then suggested that those who were desirous of a monarchy had all Europe to choose from.

Proceeding with the last issue the speaker began to prove that the only proper result must be that we would emerge from the conflict purer, stronger, and more glorious than ever before. He pointed out that the strength of the nation had been in its union, and that the startling advances of recent years could be traced to co-operation among all parts of the country. Ship-building had long been making rapid improvement, and our clipper ships were the pride of the seas. Thousands of miles of railroad had just

been finished when the war broke out, running from the Atlantic Coast to the Mississippi, and traversing the whole mighty West. Our telegraphic communication had been brought to perfection in ample time to be available, mowing and reaping machines had taken the places of men who had gone to the war. The sewing machine had been used in no small way to make garments for one million soldiers in the field. As for money, God had treasured up in the mountains of California, of Nevada, of Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, and Utah gold and silver more than sufficient to meet all the expenses of this war.

Simpson saw the speedy close of the war because of the scarcity of men in Southern territory and because of the despondency of the Southern army. On the Union side he saw an abundance of men, an inspired army, and a belief in a great ideal. These conditions, the Bishop seemed to think, had a providential meaning. After paying a high tribute to Grant he turned to the question of slavery and said: "I have one more impression—that if this war lasts much longer, slavery will be damaged. It is seriously damaged now, and I hope and desire that it may pass away quickly and let us see the last of it. Do you ask what has been ac-

complished? The District of Columbia has been made free, and this week the sun, as it rose, shone for the first time on the glorious free State of Maryland. (Great applause.) West Virginia, from her mountain home, echoes back the shouts of freedom. But this war ought not to be carried on for the purpose of destroying slavery, or for any other than the single purpose of restoring the authority of our government. But if, while we are striking blows at the rebellion, slavery will come and put its black head between us and the rebels, then let it perish along with them. (Entire audience rose to its feet.) Our children can look back to the battles of the Revolution and assure themselves that their fathers were worthy of freedom. Let the children of these poor slaves have the chance to look back not only to Fort Pillow, but to battles fought and won in front of Petersburg and Richmond, and they will feel that they too are worthy of freedom. The black men have long ago learned to follow the stars; they have followed the north star successfully, and now it is shown that they can follow, as well as any others, the stars that are set in our glorious flag." (Loud applause.)

He then concluded with a soul-stirring

climax on the stars and stripes. He said: "Your fifty-fifth Regiment carried this flag [and he picked up a shot-riddled flag]; it has been at Newbern, and at South Mountain, and at Antietam. The blood of our brave boys is upon it; the bullets of rebels have gone through and through it; yet it is the same old flag. (Audience rose and cheered.) Our fathers followed that flag; we expect that our children and our children's children will follow it; there is nothing on earth like that old flag for beauty. Long may these stars shine! Just now there are clouds upon it and mists gathering around it, but the stars are coming out, and others are joining them. And they grow brighter and brighter, and so may they shine till the last star in the heavens shall fall!" (Great cheering, waving of handkerchiefs, etc.)

The address was given without notes and only such extracts as were taken down by reporters are preserved. It took two hours and twenty minutes to deliver it, and the effect on the people was as pronounced as would have been that of the winning of a great battle.

CHAPTER X

FRIEND AND ADVISER OF PRESIDENTS AND CABINETS

Every President from Lincoln to Garfield looked upon Bishop Simpson as a trusted friend and adviser. It was not at all uncommon for the President to hold long conferences with him, seeking advice on spiritual matters and also in matters of state.

President Lincoln soon came to look to him as a source of courage and inspiration. The great President, with the cares of state and the knowledge of Union reverses weighing heavily upon his heart, would become at times discouraged and disheartened. On one such occasion, when Lincoln was burdened with an unusual load of care, Simpson expressed the thought that "man is immortal till his work is done." The idea seemed to give the President new courage, and he often thought of the Bishop's words when he was weighted with trouble. It was not strange that such a man should have been selected by the great emancipator as a friend whose council he needed during the days of the nation's peril. The Bishop had

a thorough knowledge of the war situation, and he was in a position to judge it calmly and to advise prudently.

At one of these early interviews at the White House in April, 1861, Bishop Simpson boldly told the President that he would have to get rid of slavery before God would let him win the war, that the institution had cursed everything it had touched—owner as well as slave, white race as much as the black—and it could not be in the order of Providence that God would bless our arms if they perpetuated the curse of slavery.

President Lincoln said: "Bishop, I have always stood against the extension of slavery into new territory, but have maintained that the Constitution protects the institution where it now exists. Any interference with the right of property in slaves would be unconstitutional." Bishop Simpson said, "We are doing many things now that in peace time would be unconstitutional. For instance, we are shooting down American citizens. The Constitution gives them life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. When the Constitution is imperiled and a rebellion is on, the first right the Constitution has is self-preservation; and if granting freedom to the slaves would help to preserve the Constitution, I care not whether the act

goes over the Constitution, or around the Constitution, or under the Constitution, or through the Constitution. If it will preserve the Constitution, it is constitutional." The great President said, "Then, Bishop, you believe that emancipation, though unconstitutional in peace time, could be justified as a war measure?"

"Precisely," said the Bishop, "justified and necessary."

Said Lincoln, "I will do this thing at the earliest practicable moment, and let us get down on our knees and ask the heavenly Father to guide us as to time and place."

In commenting on this event Simpson said, "We prayed around twice."

Bishop Simpson's faith in Providence furnished no end of comfort to Lincoln. He was inspired by the spirituality of the noble-minded preacher and orator to trust, to have faith, to take hope, to muster courage, during the dark hours of trial through which our nation was passing. Probably not until we read the record as it is written in heaven will we know fully the influence exercised by Simpson during the war period.

Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war under Lincoln, in introducing the Bishop to General Sheridan, said he was "the most learned, eloquent, and patriotic man of our

country and age. No one during the war did so much to encourage and strengthen loyal and patriotic sentiments, and to sustain the army by appeals to the benevolence of the people."

It was at the request of the President and Secretary Stanton that many of his addresses during the war were made. They realized his power and influence, and relied upon him as upon an army. It was Lincoln who declared that the Methodist Church, under the leadership of Simpson, had sent "more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospital, and more prayers to heaven for the success of our cause than any other church."

Lincoln's second inauguration took place on a cold, drizzly day. As he took the oath of office, however, the clouds parted and a rift of sunshine flooded the scene. The next day the Bishop preached in the House of Representatives to a distinguished audience consisting of the President, members of his Cabinet, senators, congressmen, diplomats, judges, generals, and others. The room was crowded. He preached an eloquent sermon, describing in a deeply effective manner the horrors of the recent war, the lives lost, and the suffering and privation sustained. He spoke of the power of

Christ to diminish war and make peace and, with the audience hushed and silent in their tense interest, he added: "I am not much of a believer in signs and omens; but when, yesterday, just as the old administration expired and the new one began, the rifted clouds let God's sunshine flow, I could but regard it as an augury of returning peace; and that the war would soon close and the new administration would be one of peace." Instantly, the audience was stirred as if by electricity; they cheered earnestly; many rose to their feet and waved hats and handkerchiefs. Mr. Lincoln was vigorously rapping the floor with his cane, the big tears chasing each other down his bronzed and careworn face. It was a masterly triumph of human eloquence and it touched the hearts of all who heard it. The influence of such instances as this upon the President and other high officials of state, is hard to estimate. Certainly it instilled new courage into their hearts and made them even more eager to carry on faithfully their sacred trusts.

At various times Simpson was asked to substitute for President Lincoln in making addresses at important gatherings. A notable instance was at the opening of the Great Central Fair in Philadelphia, in 1864, when

a million dollar building, the gift of the people of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, was dedicated to the sick and wounded of the army and navy.

On April 14, 1865, when the noble life of the great war President was cut short by the bullet of an assassin, Bishop Simpson was asked by Mrs. Lincoln to make the prayer at the White House before the funeral procession started. He delivered the address at Springfield when the body was placed in the tomb. From all over the hillsides the crowds which had gathered to pay their last respects to a great American martyr listened with tear-filled eyes to the eloquent message which so fitted the occasion.

After a new administration had been ushered in, Secretary Stanton urged Bishop Simpson to go South and study the condition of the Negro, with the purpose in view of founding a freedman's bureau, but he declined, saying, "My duty to my church comes first." A few years later, under the administration of Grant, he was offered a commission to San Domingo, but again refused for the same reason.

During the presidency of Grant, Bishop and Mrs. Simpson were frequent social visitors at the White House, and it is not to be

doubted that on more than one occasion the Bishop was asked to give advice concerning matters that weighed heavily upon the mind of the Chief Executive. His relationship with President and Mrs. Hayes was also intimate, and when Garfield came to the executive mansion the doors remained as widely open to him.

During the administration of these five Presidents he was among the first citizens in the land. His list of acquaintances included judges, diplomats, governors, senators, congressmen, Presidents. It is doubtful if any man exercised a greater or more commendable influence over those who were guiding the destiny of our nation during the crucial Civil War period than did the saintly Bishop. He understood the conditions as they existed; he had a clear, composed mind; he made very few mistakes in his judgments; he was earnest, sincere, and devoted to his country's welfare, and it is not strange that he should have been the friend and adviser of Presidents and Cabinets during the most trying period of our nation's history.

CHAPTER XI

REFORMER IN CHURCH AND STATE

For fifty years the voice of Bishop Simpson sounded throughout the world in behalf of every reform consistent with the good of the church and of civilization. He was a man of advanced thought and ideas and early began to advocate changes which would quicken and energize the ministry and make their work more effective. From the beginning he saw that if the Methodist Episcopal Church were to retain its influence and keep pace with the growth of the country it must have an educated ministry. He voiced the need of educational institutions connected with the church, of new churches, and of increasing the number of Conferences. His efforts bore fruit, and before he died the number of schools and colleges increased twofold; there was an unprecedented growth in the number of churches, and a large increase in Conferences.

He was also a firm friend and advocate of lay law-making representation in the

General Conference. The measure to admit laymen into the law-making body of the church was presented before the Conference several times and finally became a law in 1872.

Nor were his reform ideas limited to education, legislation, and administration within the church. It was a woman suffrage leader, Mrs. Candler, who said, "To Bishop Simpson more than to any one man do we as women owe our privilege of entering all fields of Christian activity." He believed the destiny of woman was closely identified with the church. Besides the divinely conferred rights of her sex he believed her also to have all the rights of a citizen and of an individual. It was under such leadership as he gave that Methodism has multiplied her Hannah Moores, Lady Huntingdons, and Mary Fletchers a hundredfold. On more than one occasion the venerated Bishop made the statement: "I believe that the full reformation of society will not come until the ballot has been placed in the hands of women." It was the untiring efforts of such men as Simpson that brought about the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment to our Constitution several years later. His work in behalf of women extended into educational circles and it was no unusual thing

for him to contribute the proceeds from a lecture to the erection of some college, academy, or female seminary. He once gave $1,500 in this way to repair the buildings and beautify the grounds of the Portland Academy and Female Seminary. He was a leader who led.

The cause of temperance had no warmer, stronger, or more steadfast friend and exponent. He loved his country and her growing institutions, and felt that drink was a direful curse that was leading the nation toward the dark abyss of shame and woe. In his talks with young people and children he always tried to impress them with the need of keeping their minds clear and their bodies healthy, and to point out to them that this could not be accomplished if alcohol were allowed to play a part in their lives. Cleanliness in thinking was emphasized by him, and no more glorious example of purity of mind has ever lived than this great reformer. The Northwestern Christian Advocate, in speaking of him, says: "His lips were pure. In the scores and hundreds of interviews and visits in which we have shared, we never heard him utter a syllable, or suggest, or tolerate a suggestion which he could not afford to paint on the sky. The most modest little girl in America need not

blush to hear or read any word we have ever heard fall from those lips."

For weeks and months and years he labored for the cause of the slave, giving his time, energy, and masterful eloquence freely all over the land. Could he have had his way, it would have vanished amid the "hush of prayer" instead of the horrors of war. But when the hour of battle came, and it seemed that the only way to purify the world from this evil was to wash it away with human blood, he came forward as one of the truest and ablest friends of the Union. During all those long years of warfare he stood at all times ready to help advance what he considered to be the greatest political reform of the nineteenth century. Then when enough blood had been shed, enough hearts had been broken, and enough suffering had taken place to satisfy the demon of war, the chains fell from the slaves and they stood forth as free men. But when this had been accomplished and other reformers stopped to rest, Bishop Simpson took up the work of helping the slaves of yesterday to become adjusted that they might be the kind of citizens that a great nation could look to with pride.

During the last twenty years of his life he was the successful organizer and admin-

istrator of three of the greatest benevolences of this nation—the Missionary, Church Extension, and Freedmen's Aid Societies of the Methodist Episcopal Church. These societies under his leadership raised and disbursed millions of dollars, sent hundreds of missionaries to all parts of the world, and assisted thousands of missions in the Southern work at home. Scores of schools were established in the South, and tens of thousands of the poor, uneducated, and helpless have been given enlightenment; thousands of churches have been erected, and the tide of evangelization has been kept abreast of the tide of colonization. All of this benevolent work to which the Bishop so ably lent his efforts was done for the purpose of making happier homes, and to secure for future generations the blessings which flow to a society that is made up of the cultured and noble in mind, the pure and brave in heart, and the strong and healthy in body.

It is a notable tribute to his influence that nearly all of the reforms which he spent a lifetime in advocating made marked progress, and many of them were completely consummated before his death.

He saw the rising cloud of prohibition when it was no larger than "a man's hand" and said: "The question of the right of the

government to restrain intemperance and the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits is coming prominently to the front. Organized wealth in manufacture and in merchandise is concentrated on the one hand; on the other the protest of the widow, of the orphan, and the cries of the downtrodden. In such a contest there may be vicissitudes and there will be delays; but ultimately, as sure as there is a God in heaven who reigns over the armies of earth, vice will sink and virtue triumph."

Fifty useful years he spent to make a great nation greater. To Matthew Simpson, however, who had toiled so ceaselessly and had accomplished so much, the greatest satisfaction of all was in the realization that he was doing his Master's will—that he was glorifying the greatness of God.

CHAPTER XII

SPOKESMAN FOR CHRISTENDOM ON INTERNATIONAL AND INTERDENOMINATIONAL OCCASIONS

During the years that Matthew Simpson held the office of bishop there was probably not a man connected with the church who represented it a greater number of times or on more important occasions. He visited nearly every country in Europe; the Holy Land, Mexico, Canada; and every State in the Union. Wherever he went his fame as a pulpit orator preceded him and his services were constantly in demand. When it was learned that he would deliver a sermon or address there was never any question but that the church or lecture hall would be filled to capacity. It was perhaps his popularity and his ability to make his influence felt that prompted the General Conference to send him far and wide whenever an able spokesman for the church was needed.

Soon after he was elected to the bishopric he was appointed to represent the Methodist Episcopal Church of America at the Eng-

lish and Irish Conferences of 1857 in Liverpool and Cork. At Liverpool he gave two splendid addresses, one at the beginning of the Conference and another just before it closed. At Cork his address was equally effective. The correspondent of the London Watchman, in describing his address, said, "I feel myself utterly unable to give you any adequate idea of the feeling which pervaded the Conference while this notable, eloquent, and eminently Christian address was being given." Another paper stated, "It was worth a year of toil to have the privilege of listening to him." The influence exerted for the church by such impressions as this cannot be overestimated.

After these Conferences were concluded the Bishop went to the Evangelical Alliance, held in Berlin, Germany, as a delegate from his church. The meeting was a successful one. When it was completed he made an extended tour of Denmark, Norway, and other European countries. All along the way he made addresses. If the people could not understand English, an interpreter was furnished. A dispatch from Norway illustrates his power as an orator. He was speaking before an audience that could not understand his language, an interpreter translating his message to them. In spite

of this the dispatch states, "The audience listened and wept." He next visited Turkey, the Holy Land, Egypt, Greece, and other countries. The purpose of this trip was to make a study of the problem of foreign missions, their development, accomplishments, and needs. This study covered a period of several months, after which he returned home, in 1859.

Not long after his return to America, Lincoln was elected and the chain of events set in motion which culminated in Civil War. His noble work during the years of the war and his close connection with Lincoln have been described at length in a previous chapter.

On June 8, 1870, Bishop Simpson, together with his wife and daughter, sailed once more for Europe, to serve as a delegate to the English Conference. Of his opening address at the Conference, a British newspaper says: "Nothing could exceed the noble eloquence of his address to the Conference on Friday morning. He presents a remarkable combination of dignity and simplicity, of natural and spiritual gifts of the highest order." From England he went to Germany to attend the German and Switzerland Conference, and from there he went to Norway and Sweden to attend Con-

ferences being held in each of these countries. On these occasions the Bishop not only exerted a profound influence through his addresses, but also did considerable writing for magazines and church papers in America. The progress of the Conferences was carefully noted and reported to American Methodists through the press. When he returned to the United States he gave a number of addresses and sermons bearing on the progress of Methodism in Europe and in other parts of the world.

In 1881 the Bishop again sailed for the British Isles to attend the Methodist Ecumenical Conference at Belfast. He had by this time become quite well known in Methodist circles throughout Europe and was received with great applause when called upon to address the Conference. It was while Simpson was in England on this trip that Garfield was shot. After lingering for some time the President died, in the early days of October. This was the occasion, when at a meeting of national sympathy, Bishop Simpson delivered the address that was considered the most eloquent ever heard in Exeter Hall in London. The thunderous applause that greeted his words has seldom been equaled.

He was the outstanding figure in the General Conferences for more than a score of years. Unless the form of Matthew Simpson graced the Conference rooms the assemblage appeared incomplete. At one of the Conferences he did not arrive until a day or two before its close, being detained by illness. The members had given up all hope of his coming, when without warning he suddenly opened the door and stood before them. He was greeted with such enthusiasm that it was necessary to postpone the business and give him an official welcome. He had not been with them five minutes until he was announced as the speaker for the afternoon, and was engaged to deliver a sermon in the evening.

Bishop Simpson was the spokesman for Christendom in Conferences and important gatherings in all of the States of the Union, in most of the countries of Europe, in parts of the Holy Land, in Mexico, and in Canada. He stood before huge audiences to represent his church when he had to hold on to the table for support because of his extreme illness. As an exponent of his country he was always a true and loyal patriot of the stars and stripes. As a churchman, however, he was not limited to any one nation. He was a bishop from

America to be sure, but his influence was so far reaching and his interest in mankind as a whole was so profound that he was not only a leader of Methodism in the United States, but throughout the whole world. The only title that is comprehensive enough to be expressive of the office he filled would be: "Matthew Simpson, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church for Mankind."

CHAPTER XIII

FAVORITE TEXTS

Isaiah 42. 4. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set justice in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."

Isaiah 60. 18. "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise."

Isaiah 11. 6. "And a little child shall lead them."

Isaiah 9. 6. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

Isaiah 21. 11. "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?"

1 Corinthians 13. 13. "But the greatest of these is charity."

1 Corinthians 13. 12. "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

2 Corinthians 4. 18. "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Ephesians 3. 10. "To the intent that now unto the principalities and the powers in heavenly places might be made known by the church the manifold wisdom of God."

Romans 12. 1. "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

1 John 5. 4. "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Matthew 28. 18, 19, 20. "And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Exodus 15. 1. "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."

John 15. 24. "If I had not done among

them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin: but now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father."

John 6. 63. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

Acts 20. 24. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Hebrews 13. 12. "Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate."

Job. 38. 7. "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

1 John 4. 1. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

Ezekiel 47. 9. "Because these waters shall come thither: . . . for they shall be healed; and everything shall live whither the river cometh."

Luke 10. 20. "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

Psalms 31. 5. "Into thine hand I commit my spirit."

Luke 24. 46, 47. "Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."

Isaiah 6. 3, 4. "And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke."

John 1. 4. "In him was life; and the life was the light of men."

Colossians 1. 11. "Strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness."

Hebrews 11. 4. "And by it he being dead yet speaketh."

CHAPTER XIV

TYPICAL POINTS OF VIEW

"We live to make our own church a power in the land, and we live to love every other church that exalts our Christ."

"I have always since I have held my present office considered myself an executive officer of the General Conference—that is all. I have taken my part in the debates, but when the church, through its highest authority, speaks, then I am silent save only that I can execute its will."

"It seems to me that the possibilities connected with preaching have been only partially realized, and that a bright and more glorious day will dawn upon the church."

"Smiles and tears, like light and shade, follow in quick succession, over the vast fields of human life."

"There never was a conflict between science and religion, and there never can be, because both are emanations from the same divine mind."

"Science, however high it may soar, is but learning what God thought when he planned this great universe."

"I desire two things for all the youth of the land: I want you in heart to be pure; I want you in intellect to be cultured; and then you are just ready to work for the Master."

"There will never be invented moral mowing machines that will take the place of the old-fashioned sickle of the gospel."

"I have held and expressed it for more than thirty years, that intemperance, licentiousness, gambling and revelry will not be eradicated from our cities, nor even greatly diminished, until the ballot is placed in the hands of women."

"Make yourselves stronger than your surroundings, and the very elements will bend before you, for man was made to rule this earth in its elements and its organization."

"Alas for the rarity of Christian charity" (from Hood's "Bridge of Sighs").

"The genius of Protestantism is denominationalism."

"As man controls he rises, and he controls as he works through the instruments of God."

"It is by faith that every great work is accomplished."

"Some wise and good men think that woman suffrage would be the ruin of our land. I think it would be the sovereign

remedy for the purification of our cities and the elevation of our race."

"Our happiest moments are our busiest."

"Now, my young brethren, I cannot tell which of you will wear the brightest crown, but it will be he who sacrifices most to win for the Master."

The Mosaic of Humanity

"There is a kind of artistry called mosaic. It is composed of pieces of stone or glass almost immeasurably small. Each particle is almost worthless; you would crush it under your feet, pass it by unnoticed; but let the true artist construct that mosaic; let him take those infinitely small pieces and place them in order, and what beautiful shading of outlines are given to it! How grand the conception! You can scarcely distinguish it from the finest painting by the pencil; and yet multitudes of worthless pieces compose it.

"So I sometimes look upon humanity. In one sense we are insignificant. What can we do? So very feeble, inefficient, limited —what can we accomplish? And yet, when the great Artist of the universe takes us in our littleness and places us in that great mosaic which the universe shall yet gaze upon with wonder, oh! the great design of

the painting shall appear in the ages, and, small as we are, we shall be part of God's great mosaic. In the redemption of humanity—the upbuilding of all that is glorious on earth—we have some place, though small, and as the beautiful mosaic would be marred by the omission of the smallest particle, so, without us, that painting had been imperfect, but with us it becomes complete."

Evolution

"My friends who are so anxious that Christianity shall be considered a failure because it has not yet conquered the earth are lavish of time on all other subjects. They are very certain that man sprang from monkeys and monkeys from something lower down. There has been a law of evolution that has brought up everything out of the very lowest. Well, I am not saying there is not. It is not my purpose to attack that system at all. But if in the great workings of God the facts are that ever since the records of men there is no evidence of man's frame having changed one particle, and in all historic time there is no evidence of a monkey growing into man or one animal into another—I am not saying they never do—but if in six thousand years there has not been any change, why not give Christianity

a little more than one thousand eight hundred years to change the whole face of this world, and to change man intellectually and raise him to the highest possible degree?

"But then they tell me that this system of evolution does seem to overturn Christianity. If it be true that things were evolved from some first types, how can it be that the Bible is true? But the Bible doesn't tell me exactly how things were evolved. I don't say evolution is true or untrue. There is a great deal about it not proved; and if I were in a jury box I would give the old Scotch verdict, "Not proven." I don't deny it, but I have not seen the matter proved. But suppose it is true. Suppose God made certain types of first creatures, and they have been evolving and producing better ones and better ones until man is evolved, and man is getting higher and more intellectual. Well, now if this is true, if my Father and God did all that, he is more grand and glorious even than I had conceived him to be."

On Science and Religion

"Volume after volume goes out from the press telling me about the conflict between science and religion. I am not here to underrate science. I read Tyndall with de-

light; I read Huxley with profit. I follow the speculations of Darwin and acknowledge that in some things he embraces much of new truth. I am pleased to follow scientific men everywhere, and the reason is that if a man finds truth anywhere that truth is mine. The truth of science is mine. But there is not a conflict between science and religion. There never was a conflict between them, there never will be. There is a conflict sometimes between what you and I may think of religion and between what somebody else may think of science. But what is science? Science is nothing but understanding God's thoughts. Newton, when he discovered the laws showing the relations in the distance of the heavenly bodies from the sun, and their motion, and we, when we find out any other law, are finding out only what God thought when he made this universe. He intended that planets should revolve in a certain way. We say it is law. It is what God meant. Religion is the expression of God's will, as science is the expression of God's thoughts. The two can never conflict. They are both of God. But I admit I may have a fancy about religion; I may interpret some passage in the Bible wrongly. But now, wherein is this great conflict that they talk about? Why, they tell me you

can't believe the earth is more than so old, and science takes up these laws, and I find fossils away down here, and it must have taken thousands of ages to have made these fossils through catastrophes and through convulsions. Why, it must have taken an immense era, a great distance away in eternity, to produce such results. Well, now, I don't pretend to say from the Bible how old the world is. I only know this: In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. I don't know when that beginning was—I am not told when it was. I only know that my Father and my God laid the foundations of this earth and spread out this glorious universe, and threw from his fingers these worlds that sparkle like stars, and the treasures of the stars he made. When he made them I don't know. The Bible doesn't tell me, and so far from weakening my faith in Christianity I am willing that the geologist, if he wants it, shall have millions and millions of ages to build up this theory of the universe, and, after all, what does it amount to? It amounts simply to this, that God is older than the universe."

CHAPTER XV

GROWING OLD LIKE A SAINT

"I AM in no hurry to die. I do not love the grave. I know I am going there, and I know Christ can make it soft and the prison house to shine with light; and I know that when he shall call I shall answer him, and that some day I shall come up out of that prison house; it is by faith in his word that I shall put my foot on the neck of death, and say: 'O death, where is thy sting?' and rising from the tomb shall exclaim: 'O grave, where is thy victory?' But I want to live as long as I can before I go down into the grave; and if God would let me live until I should see the morning light of heaven breaking over every hilltop, and a flood of glory rolling over every valley, I would go home to heaven happier than I shall go. But I will not live that long. It is not God's plan, especially in our debased human way of working. We have to submit to matters as they are. And if we cannot see all done here that we want to, I fancy there is some way to look down from the battlements of glory and behold

what is going on; and I expect to look down from there and see somehow, I do not know how, that Augustinian and Arminian theology will be in some way reconciled, for we are all Calvinists when we pray and Wesleyans when we preach."

These words of Bishop Simpson expressed his view of life. He loved life, but knew that he must die. Slowly but surely the hands of time count off the years; youth with its frivolity and freedom from care is replaced by the sterner years of maturity, and they in turn give way to old age. The flower on the hillside bursts into bloom, and in its cloak of beauty lends charm to its little world, and sends messages of fragrant love afar by every wind that passes. But soon its grandeur wanes, soon its beauty and fragrance begin to fade, its head is bowed as though in weariness, and then it slowly crumbles and passes back to the dust from whence it came. So with all animated life. Bishop Simpson knew this—knew that he, like all other mortals, must leave his earthly associations and take up his good work in a world beyond. Enjoying life as he did, however, he was in no hurry to die. Every year seemed to be richer than the one that preceded it. As his manhood's morning gave way to afternoon and the shadows of his

life began to bend far toward the west, he could see and feel that death was coming nearer, ever nearer. It did not seem horrible to him. He was ready to die. It merely meant that he must hurry and round out his earthly labors, so that when the Messenger came he could say: "I am ready to go. My day's work is done." To this end the Bishop worked. He never stopped to rest and did not retire from active life even after he had reached the seventy years usually allotted to man.

The first definite manifestation of his declining strength was noted in the early autumn of 1880. He had gone to San Francisco en route to China, but had been forced to relinquish the journey because of a growing feebleness. It was there on September 12 that the Bishop was called to deliver a sermon in one of the large churches of the city. He arose to deliver his sermon, and proceeded slowly and carefully in a clear, low tone of voice for about twenty minutes. He had just reached the main theme of his subject, and the audience was looking expectantly for one of those bursts of fiery eloquence which characterized the Bishop, when suddenly he stopped speaking and placed a handkerchief to his lips. His face was deathly white and he reached for-

ward to grasp the edge of the pulpit to steady himself. The pause became so painful that the audience noted his distress. He faltered in a low voice, "I am not sure that I shall be able to finish this sermon." The audience felt a strange, chilling tremor, as fearful concern for the Bishop's safety took possession of them. He gasped out a word of apology: "I was sick last night, but I thought once I got started I would warm up to the work and get on, but I am not well. If the congregation will kindly sing a verse or two, I may feel better and be able to go on." The tall, sacred form of the great pulpit orator tottered and sank back into a seat. His face clouded with pain, his form bent with the burden of sixty-eight years of toil, his head silvered and bowed—he still clung to the pulpit that had been his throne, and over which he had reigned supreme for more than half a century. He was assisted from the church and a doctor was called. The attack did not prove to be as grave as was feared at first, but four months of rest and care were necessary before the Bishop was able to return home. Even then he was not fully recovered. The experience in the San Francisco pulpit was but a premonition of his physical decline. Even this magnetic leader had his limit.

The news of the Bishop's failing health had spread far over the land, so that when the General Conference met for its next session in 1884, many notes of affection and respect were delivered to him. The Board of Bishops had nearly all their sessions in his sick room, and thus secured the aid of his valuable advice and co-operation. When, much to the surprise of all members of the Conference, the beloved Bishop appeared on the Conference platform, the whole audience rose to their feet and applauded enthusiastically for several minutes. He made an effort as if to rise and speak, but was so weak that he sank back into his chair, and merely bowed his head. It was a pathetic gesture of a great general who would not quit the field, but continued on in his leadership of the vast army of several million Methodists. On three occasions during the four weeks in which the Conference was in session the glorious churchman sat upon the platform and on each occasion he was greeted with long wholesouled applause. His last official act as bishop of his church was as presiding officer at the consecration of Bishops Ninde, Mallalieu, Fowler, Walden, and Taylor, during the last days of the Conference. The senior Bishop, very, very feeble, walked with

faltering step from one to another and added a marked impressiveness to the scene as he laid his right hand upon the head of each candidate and fulfilled his part in the ceremonies. Then, after all the work of the Conference was completed, the veteran of the church was called upon to say a few closing words. He delivered a message of hope and cheer in a few brief sentences, and then the last General Conference that would ever be favored by his presence came to a close.

Long years after most men have ceased their labors and have settled down to spend their last years in rest and meditation Matthew Simpson kept on with his work. He was not happy in idleness. To render service to humanity, to be an apostle of truth—in this did he receive his joy. The doctors had said that he was in his last illness. Even this did not put an end to his labors. Scarcely able to stand, he found his way to the place where duty called and enacted the röle of senior bishop. Shepherd of a great flock he was; he had tended them for thirty-two years and they had grown into millions. He loved those sheep, and, like every good shepherd, he could not bear to leave them or allow any other person to tend them for him. He needed them; they needed

him, so Matthew Simpson, now worn and ill, kept on, watching over them, ministering to their needs, guiding them, protecting them, teaching his flock.

CHAPTER XVI

AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT

THE General Conference of 1884 was adjourned on May 28 at 10 P. M. For some days after the adjournment the health of Bishop Simpson seemed to improve, and everyone rejoiced that his efforts at the Conference had done him no harm. He had made plans to leave for Clifton Springs for the summer, where he intended to rest and be ready for work again in the fall. Within a day or two of the time fixed for his departure his strength utterly gave way and the physicians agreed that the great Bishop was in his last illness. During his illness he suffered considerable pain and would talk but little. That little, however, showed that he possessed full control of his faculties and that his soul was in perfect peace. Standing at death's door he paused for a week longer than the physicians thought was possible. His remarkable will was asserting itself. It was as he had said years before: "I am in no hurry to die. I want to live as long as I can before I go down into the grave." And so he clung on, hour after hour, ready

to die, yet wanting to live as long as he could.

Only the immediate members of his family were admitted to the sick chamber, as utmost quiet was needed. On Wednesday, June 11, when his son-in-law inquired after his spiritual peace of mind, he replied: "I am a sinner saved by grace. Oh, to be like him! Oh, to see him as he is!" At another time he was asked the question: "Is Jesus precious?" he answered: "Precious! Precious! To you that believe, he is precious." Then summoning all of his remaining strength he raised his voice and broke forth in rapture: "Precious, precious, more than precious!" A few moments later, Mrs. Simpson, her heart breaking with grief, murmured amid her sobs: "Precious, precious, more than precious." She might well have said: "No one knew him as we did at home. He was so good and kind. We thought that his precious life might be spared to us a little longer."

On Thursday, June 12, he exclaimed with tender pathos: "My Saviour! My Saviour!" and quoted the glorious promise which was so soon to be fulfilled in him, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee!" On Friday, June 13, in

the midst of acute suffering he raised his voice and said: "Father, thou knowest! Glory! Glory! Glory!" Then rising up in bed—

> "'Oh, would he more of heaven bestow,
> And let the vessels break,
> And let our ransomed spirits go
> To grasp the God we seek;
> In rapturous awe on him to gaze
> Who bought the sight for me;
> And shout and wonder at his grace,
> Through all eternity!'"

The words seemed to fill his soul with light, and very solemnly, very forcefully he repeated the last two lines:

> "'And shout and wonder at his grace
> Through all eternity!'"

On Sunday, June 15, at three o'clock in the morning, he roused up with more strength than it seemed possible could remain. His daughter, Mrs. Buoy, who was watching with him, read Psalm CIII, one of the Bishop's favorites, which commences, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name." His great soul entered into the spirit of this grandest of David's hymns of praise. His face shone with the light of love and peace, and his eyes kindled with renewed brightness as the morning of his last Sabbath broke the dawn.

Mrs. Simpson quoted from Charles Wesley's immortal hymn,

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

When she had finished he repeated the last line, "O receive my soul at last!"

Then in a voice very feeble, yet distinct and clear and filled with the earnestness that only a noble soul can know, the great and saintly Bishop parted his lips and from them fell his last mortal words: *"Yes! Yes! My Saviour! My Saviour! Glory be to Jesus!"*

Shortly afterward he lapsed into unconsciousness, and lingering thus for two days his soul took flight to a better land at 8:40 A. M. on June 18. He had finished his course and reached the goal. The voice that for more than half a century had swayed the multitudes on two continents was at last eternally stilled. The gaunt, stooping figure that had become an object of love and reverence through all the church was no more to grace the pulpit which he had loved and over which he had reigned as king for fifty years.

In the affections of Methodism and of the whole Christian world, his memory is permanent. The effect of his life can never be erased. It is said that a pebble thrown into the ocean causes one drop of water to be pushed against another until every bit of water in the ocean has been affected and moved. And so it is with human lives. The great and noble influence of Bishop Simpson had a perceptible effect on the thousands and thousands of people who knew him, or heard him. Because of contact with him they were a little better and finer, and they in turn passed it on to others, so that even to-day the life of Matthew Simpson continues to exert its influence for good in the hearts of humanity's millions.

Somewhere out there in the vast spaces of purity's blue, beyond the myriad of stars to which Bishop Simpson so often raised his eyes in wonder and admiration, there lies a Celestial City not made by human hands. To that city his soul has flown, and there he resides in peace and happiness. Let it not be said that he is "at rest," for he would not be happy in idleness. He is busy at work, serving his Master on the other shore in the same faithful and whole-hearted way that he served him here. To use the great man's own words: "When I get to heaven I

do not think—and I say it with reverence—I do not think my mission will simply be to stay in one place and to sing all day. That is not my thought of heaven. I fancy God may send me even farther, as a seraph, with a live coal from the altar, to touch some poor mortal's lips. I hope he will give me a commission to go out some day to hunt for the boundaries of creation. I do not know where they are. I will never be able to reach those boundaries, for I believe that a seraph, in his flight for millions and millions of years, will never be able to see the outskirts of the universe that God has made. But I expect to study a great deal of astronomy and world-building, mind, ministers of redemption, how man is connected with angels, how the whole universe hangs together, how Christ's sacrifice on the cross on earth became a blessing for all intelligent beings for all time."

Somewhere in heaven, then, there is a seraph sent by God to touch some poor mortal's lips; somewhere in that perfect land our Bishop Simpson is hunting for the boundaries of creation, is learning of astronomy and world-building, is finding out the purpose of man, and of Christ's sacrifice on the cross. And he is happy in constantly serving his Master.

CHAPTER XVII

HONORED AND REMEMBERED THROUGH ALL THE WORLD

Even when expected, death is always a shock. As Bishop Simpson lay for several days between life and death the newspapers kept the public informed about his condition, and on one or two occasions before his death it was reported that he was gone. In spite of this knowledge that the useful life of the great Bishop was coming to a close, when the actual news of his death became known a sudden wave of grief swept over all Christendom. It did not seem possible that the man who had been so active a few days before, and who for years and years had been the guide and leader of all Methodism, was gone forever from this earth.

The newspapers over the country devoted column after column to the Bishop's life and death. The events of his career were carefully scanned by able writers; biographical sketches were printed in nearly all papers; tender tributes to the great worth of the deceased Bishop were numerous. Nor were these eulogies confined to this country.

In Europe and Mexico the news columns carried reminiscences of the visits made by Simpson and fond tributes in praise of his noble life.

A multitude of letters, telegrams, and special messages poured in upon the grief-bowed family. There were words of sympathy from friends and admirers of the deceased man in every part of the globe. There were letters from the President of the United States, from members of the Cabinet, from senators, from governors, from fellow bishops; there were letters from foreign dignitaries, from officials of church and state in distant lands. And then there were letters and messages of love from members of the great and multifarious common people whom Simpson loved as well as any of the mighty. To the great and simple-hearted Methodist Bishop, one soul was as precious as another. The most lowly of his flock knew this and wanted to express a word of consolation to the family of the man that everybody loved. A message of hope and cheer came from a youthful lad whom the Bishop had on one occasion stroked on the head, saying, "God bless you, my boy!"

Many who sent no message of condolence felt a personal loss at the departure of the

great churchman. For he was not only a churchman—to many he was a friend and father as well. It was as though a member of their own family had been taken away. The cloud of grief which welled up in the hearts of those whom he had befriended made them feel that they should receive messages of sympathy instead of sending them to others. Such was the man whom the Bishop had saved from a life of indolence and drunkenness. Once when traveling through the wilds of the unsettled Columbia Country among the Cascades, the Bishop had two drunken, coarse, profane men as guides. One of them became unconscious. The Bishop began to talk to the other one in a kind, fatherly way, asking him if he had a mother living, where she was, and if she was a praying woman. At the last question the man started suddenly, as if there had been aroused in his mind a precious memory. "Oh, yes," he answered; "mother has prayed for me every day, or I should have been in hell long ago." More conversation followed concerning his duty to his mother and her grief if she knew the kind of life her son was leading. It was not long before the erstwhile insolent drunk had been transformed into a repentant and exceedingly sorry son, and was sobbing in his

despair. Between sobs he told the Bishop that he would not have his mother know of his condition for anything in the world, for it would break her heart. Kind, earnest, fatherly counsel continued, and the man who bade Bishop Simpson a thankful farewell that evening was a very different one from the individual who had seemed such a worthless and hopeless hulk of humanity earlier in the day. Ten years later Simpson learned that his fatherly talk had led to the conversion of the young man, and that from that day on he had never taken a drink of whisky. He had a wife and three fine children, and was located on a good farm, well off, happy, and on the road to heaven. To this man the death of the Bishop meant the loss of a friend and father who had helped him up when he was down, and who had led him forth into the light of a new and better life. There are numerous instances of like nature, all of which fixed the godly Bishop in hearts forever, and caused them to feel a personal loss when he was taken away.

Another instance of the profound influence exerted upon the life of a needy boy is worth noting. In the early forties there came to Illinois a poor, ragged Canadian boy, seven years of age. Some years later

Simpson became acquainted with him and befriended him in many ways. In 1859 the lad graduated from Genesee College at Lima, New York. He then entered Garrett Biblical Institute, from which he graduated in 1861. He was afterward favored with many high offices, and all through these years Bishop Simpson held him by the hand and encouraged him at every step. A little less than a month before he died, Matthew Simpson, as one of the last official acts he was able to perform as senior Bishop, pronounced the words which made this ragged Canadian boy, Charles Henry Fowler, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Is it any wonder that Bishop Fowler said Simpson did not seem like an official of the church to him, but, rather, like a father who had guided his life and made him what he was?

As friend to those who needed a friend, and counselor to those who needed counsel, he worked a profound change in many lives both old and young. Because of this he is honored and remembered through all the world, and his death was as a dagger thrust into the heart of all Methodism.

A great church of several million members mourned the loss of a stalwart leader and splendid administrator; the country

mourned the loss of an unsurpassed patriot who had stood by the stars and stripes during the most trying period of its history; the educational institutions of our country mourned the loss of an able champion who had advanced the cause of education for over fifty years; and the whole world mourned the loss of a friend. In the hearts of many he was enshrined as a personal friend, father, and benefactor; in the hearts of all as a great preacher, a saintly bishop, and a noble man.

CHAPTER XVIII

HAPPILY MARRIED TO ELLEN HOLMES VERNER

One of the greatest events in Bishop Simpson's life occurred in 1834. Upon his appointment to Pittsburgh, he was entertained at the home of James Verner, a prominent and influential layman. A year later, in this beautiful home on Penn Street, at six o'clock in the evening, November 3, 1835, he was married to the daughter—charming, cultured, ready to devote her life to caring for this promising young itinerant and to share the hardships of the pioneer conditions into which he was to enter. The Rev. Z. H. Costen performed the ceremony. For a bridal trip they boarded the steamboat Beaver on the Ohio River early Wednesday morning and arrived that afternoon on a bluff above the river near Wellsville, at the home of his uncle, where his mother was also staying.

Matthew Simpson and his bride remained at her father's house until the end of the Conference year, when he was appointed to Williamsport, now Monongahela City, and

the young wife left the comfort in which she had been reared and went with him to find a church heavily burdened with debt and no house for the preacher to live in.

From that day forth, for nearly fifty years, there never was a time or an occasion when Bishop Simpson was not supplemented, and when his supreme efforts were not matched by the loyal and gracious presence of a devoted companion and helpmeet.

Some men are what their wives let them be; others are what they become in spite of their wives; while others are what their wives have helped them become. To this class Matthew Simpson belonged. He owed the care of his health and the prolongation of his life largely to her. At the beginning, physicians told him he would never be able to stand the work of the ministry or of public speech. One infidel physician told him that public speech would be a help to his lungs and might be the means of saving his life. Mrs. Simpson sided with this man. She helped him ward off pulmonary disease; she nursed him through the cholera in Cincinnati, and at the age of thirty-four he writes her: "I have lived now two years longer than I expected I could." By her help he nearly reached seventy-three.

He owed much to her in his home. She had the home heart of the meadow lark and the soaring spirit of the eagle, and was marvelously fitted to her exalted plane. Amid the poverty of the times and the rough conditions of their work she took care of their family of seven children and freed her husband from anxiety, that he might uninterruptedly pursue his calling and create his institutions.

While he was building Indiana Asbury University one of the presiding elders, Edward R. Ames, wrote him: "I think on the whole we shall get twelve hundred dollars for the college if you don't all starve to death before we can collect it." This voice out of the past indicates at what sacrifice educational work of the church had to be accomplished. I find a letter, written on one of those arduous journeys, in which he says to his wife: "Take good care of yourself and the children. Keep your spirits up. Providence may yet intend to give us a happy life."

Extract from letter to Ellen from Saint Louis, dated October 8, 1852:

Be careful of your health. Be cheerful. Look aloft. The stars display their beauty to us only when we look at them; and if we look down at the earth, our heart is never charmed. Be re-

solved to be happy to-day—to be joyful now—and out of each fleeting moment draw all possible pure and lasting pleasure.

Tell the children I think often of them. Tell them I wish them to be good, to say their prayer, read their books, and mind what their Ma says.

And now once more, dearest Ellen, good evening—or that sweetest "word that comes from the heart"—Good-by.

Yours affectionately,

M. SIMPSON.

The Bishop in a jovial mood—extract from letter to Ellen written at Parkersburg, December 25, 1852:

After I closed my letter to you on Thursday evening I sat down at the supper table with my mother on one side, and who upon the other but my ladies of the Plush chairs. Now, it so happened that I received a cup, the bottom of which had one side broken off, and whether it was that, or my awkwardness, I leave you to judge—At any rate my cup of tea upset in the direction of my lady! Of course I blushed and tried to stammer an apology, but her offended dignity rose and shook her silk apron and her clothes in general most indignantly, and looked a thousand daggers. Seeing her so intently engaged in self-defense, I turned and ate my supper, as though nothing was the matter. Whether she has yet recovered from the shock, I know not.

Mrs. Simpson's home radiated friendship, hospitality, social amenities and benev-

olences, which she made bountiful and beautiful. In Bishop Simpson's first charges she visited with him the poor, the downcast, and the prisoners. At Greencastle, when they were building a college, she bestowed upon sick students every sympathy, and helped and nursed them through critical illnesses. Some said she saved their lives. At Evanston their home accorded a welcome to students and faculty; and in Philadelphia, that goodly city of homes, no home was more generous and impartial in its hospitality than that of the resident Bishop. Here the white and the black and the Chinaman, here the preachers and the influential laymen gathered. Former students from three colleges found their way to its door. It is doubtful whether there were ever another episcopal residence in Methodism that was such a resort and center of attraction. The people knew both Bishop and Mrs. Simpson, and their ability commanded admiration, their purity commanded reverence, and their sweetness commanded affection. In that house General and Mrs. Grant came to visit, as did President and Mrs. Hayes, more than once; and when they traveled abroad, Mrs. Simpson was equally at home before the nobility and dignitaries of England and Germany. They stopped six weeks

in the home of Sir William McArthur, Lord Mayor of London, where she met the group with whom he associated with a simple, unaffected grace. She was an American queen.

In the Bishop's success and advancement she was a promoting genius. He was utterly engrossed in his work. She was loyal, vigilant, and skillful as a promoter of his utmost possible success.

For thirty years in Philadelphia she was a growing power for good, her usefulness increasing with the years and her enthusiasm ceasing only with her life. To catalogue the range and value of her public service would be to make a monotonous list of the founding of institutions and of sacrificing for them till they attained success. She was an organizing genius.

Mrs. Simpson was appointed one of the Ladies' Executive Committee of Thirteen, representing the original colonies in the National Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, 1876. She devised the plan for obtaining sketches and pictures of the public charities of America and Europe originated and supported by women. Over eight hundred associations responded, and this collection, representing women's work, is still preserved in the permanent exhibition. She

aided in organizing and was president of the first Bible Readers' Society in Philadelphia; she organized the Society of Silk Culture, but declined its presidency; she organized the Woman's Auxiliary of the Methodist Hospital and was its first president. She organized the Temporary Home for the Poor in West Philadelphia; and assisted in organizing the Home for the Aged in Camden, New Jersey. She actively aided the Indian Association and had some of its meetings at her home. She was vice-president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and of the Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies. She interested herself in the recently established girls' school, the first meeting in its organization being held at her home. She was a trustee of The American University and a director of the Museum of Art. These were but minor parts of her whole public work. The Methodist Home for the Aged and the Orphanage—two institutions nobly housed and provided for—stand as her chief monuments. Of the Home she was president for twenty-five years, having been elected at one of its earliest meetings.

Her executive ability had play in several large fairs which she superintended for the Home and which yielded an average of

thirty thousand dollars each year. When one of these fairs was in progress, the Russian Grand Duke, Alexis, was in Philadelphia for a brief visit. Mrs. Simpson conceived the idea that it would popularize the fair if his attendance could be secured and announced. General Meade had charge of all his appointments. Making her request to the General, she was promptly and decisively repulsed and told that such a thing was quite impossible, if not absurd. The Grand Duke was not interested in and could not spend his time attending a denominational fair. But the General found himself outranked. She conquered the conqueror of Gettysburg and an enormous crowd went to the fair to see the Grand Duke moving about the hall and making his purchases from table to table. Bishop Simpson afterward, on behalf of the lady managers of the fair, thanked the Duke for his interest and presented him with the handsomest article there, nine hundred dollars having been raised for that purpose. This incident illustrates the ingenuity, skill and amiable, yet victorious persistence of this highly capable woman.

Of the Orphanage she was planner, founder, and until her death, president. Hers was the first subscription to it.

Through her Colonel Joseph N. Bennett became interested in the enterprise, and in 1881 gave it a house and lot. Later he gave twenty-five acres of very valuable land near Fairmount Park, on which now stands the large and handsome Orphanage building, accommodating hundreds.

In 1888 the erection of the building came to a halt because of an empty treasury. Thirty thousand dollars was needed to finish and furnish it. Colonel Bennett told Mrs. Simpson that if four weeks later she would bring to the bank at 9 A. M. the sum of ten thousand dollars, raised from the churches, he would add twenty thousand to that amount to finish the building. At the time appointed she, with others, met him at the bank and informed him that the fulfillment of his offer was due, as the ten thousand was already on deposit. He was better than his word. He took out of his pocket a signed check for twenty-five thousand dollars for the institution to which he had previously given ten thousand dollars in cash, besides eighty thousand dollars worth of property. Years later he added two wings to the building at a cost of thirty-seven thousand more.

Mrs. Simpson secured for the Deaconess Home from Colonel Bennett a fine house on

Vine Street, the beginning of the work in that section of the city.

Her public works, only a part of which can be told here, have applied the Christian doctrines which her husband preached to the practical needs of the world. "Sheltering forlorn age and forsaken childhood, they also shelter her memory from the touch of oblivion."

Is it any wonder that with Bishop Simpson starting revivals, establishing new churches, planting Methodism in neglected or growing sections, and with Mrs. Simpson establishing great institutions for mercy and help, Philadelphia is to-day the greatest Methodist city in this world, with more members, more churches, more endowed institutions than any other city the sun shines on?

When in 1884 her good husband left her for the better land, it bowed her head in inconsolable grief, but after a while, grieving no less sorrowfully, she lifted herself and said, like the strong and godly woman she was: "I will go again to my orphanage work and find what relief I can in comforting others and binding up their broken hearts." In the strength of that high resolve she arose and went forth to crown her long life with its most beautiful and per-

haps its most fruitful and serviceable decade.

Dr. William V. Kelley said at her funeral: "In the white marble mausoleum in West Laurel Cemetery above the Schuylkill now rest together the bodies of husband and wife, while they dwell forever in that home above, of which he wrote to her from across the sea, in Dresden, in 1857: 'In the graveyard of the Moravians, which I visited to-day, instead of the inscription "Dead," were the words, "Gone Home." Such a day! It was quite touching. A home in heaven! How sweet to think, to know there is a world of bliss with a home in it, a quiet resting place for the soul when life's journey is over!'"

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they are not divided."

CHAPTER XIX

HIS LASTING INFLUENCE

METHODISM has been prolific in leadership. As a system it has furnished more than its share of captains of industry, military geniuses, reformers, evangelists, and missionaries. Methodism has produced only one Simpson. Asbury was a great organizer, Coke a great missionary, Bascom a great orator, Durbin a mighty preacher, Foster a pulpit poet, Newman a finished rhetorician, Fowler a man of vision and vivid speech; but the people who came in contact with Simpson felt that he excelled at all angles and to describe him is like trying to depict a diamond slipping flame from fifty slants.

He has been gone forty-five years, but the mention of his name in any Methodist circle kindles memories of the old and of the imagination of the young. For there has never been such a mighty preacher; we have never had a more progressive thinker, a more successful editor, a reformer of such power, or a character who could make such impressions on church and state.

In Philadelphia, opposite the Old People's Home, there stands a monument in bronze which bears the inscription, "SIMPSON." Methodist preachers have not often been thus commemorated. There is an equestrian statue to Asbury at last in the nation's capital; but he had been dead a hundred years before it was erected, and those two represent about all we have done of the kind for the memory of our mighty men.

There is a most beautiful oil painting of Bishop Simpson in the Wesley Chapel in Philadelphia. This is a part of the home of the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, which Board is itself his monument, for he was for many years its president and a directing genius.

Simpson College in Iowa bears his name, and chapels and churches across this land, in mission fields and elsewhere show the hold he had upon the hearts of the people.

A beautiful memorial window adorns the old City Road Chapel, where John Wesley spent his life, showing the picture and bearing the name and sentiments of the beloved Simpson. Recently Bishop McDowell dedicated the Simpson Memorial Chapel in the Methodist Building at Washington, D. C., to the memory of the great bishop and of his equally successful and devoted wife, to

be a perpetual reminder of their influence in the capital city. The two daughters of Bishop Simpson—Misses Sarah Elizabeth and Ida—who had presented the portraits of their father and mother, were present.

The writer as general secretary of the Board presented the chapel and portraits to Bishop McDowell for dedication in these words:

"Bishop McDowell, in the name of the unnamed donor, I wish to present to you for dedication this Memorial Chapel, and in behalf of the dutiful and loving daughters who honor us with their presence to-day, I present these portraits of the great preacher, noble Bishop, sincere patriot, world citizen, and thrilling orator; and of his life companion, the cultured, devout, radiant personality, founder of institutions, leader in charities, who survived her husband for thirteen years and kept his memory fresh by the perpetuation of the institutions for which he spent his eloquence and strength. We hope that the constant use of this room for religion, for reform, for charity and for patriotism may not only be a fitting memorial of Bishop Matthew Simpson and of Ellen Verner Simpson, but that it may unite the work of both in such a way as to be a perpetual commemoration of the noblest

type of family life we know in the annals of our republic."

In response, Bishop McDowell said:

"As president of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, I gratefully accept this Simpson Memorial Chapel, the gift of an unnamed donor, and the portraits of Bishop and Mrs. Simpson given in loving memory by the daughters of these illustrious parents, and I hereby dedicate this Chapel within this Methodist Building to all the high and sacred uses for which the building itself has been solemnly set apart, and we now consecrate the Simpson Memorial Chapel to the memory of one who in unusual manner and degree adorned the gospel of Christ, whose lips were touched with a live coal from the altar of God, and who through long years gave radiance and splendor to the preaching of the gospel."

The reforms which Simpson laid out, the institutions he built, the influence that he exerted over men, the souls that he saved, the great church that he helped to shape and whose influence he spread across continents, the freedom of the slave, the enfranchisement of woman, the place woman now occupies in church and state, the admission of laymen to the General Conference, the

establishment of family churches with their pewed system which he did more than all others to establish, the advance of ministerial education, the evangelistic note in Methodist preaching—all these are his monument. They will perpetuate and keep his memory green as long as Christendom lasts and Methodism has an appreciation of a spiritual ministry, a devout Christian leadership, and prophets with a vision for world betterment.

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